

Gal & La

DIVINE
GLIMPSSES
OF A

Maiden Muse:

Being
VARIOUS MEDITATIONS and EPIGRAMS

On
Several SUBJECTS.

With
A probable future CURE
Of
Our present Epidemical MALADY ;
If the means be not too long
neglected.

By *Chr. Clobery* Esquire. *K*

LONDON:

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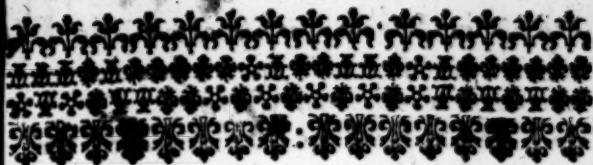
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To his undoubted
(though unknown) Friend,
George Wither Esq;
Britain's Ancient
REMEMBRANCER.

Sir, though to me unknown your person be,
Your better parts my soul doth plainly see,
In your fulfill'd predictions, and in those
Which shall fulfilled be, how soon none knows,
But he who them inspir'd: Yet I dare say,
I'm sure they shall; and hope to see the day
Of their fulfilling: when our Rulers here
Shall hearken to a slighted Engineer:
And shall have ears to hear, and eyes to see
The wayes of truth, of peace, and unity,
And walk therein. Mean while, dear Sir: peruse
This Widows Mite of an old Maiden-Muse:
Wherein, what you approve, let stand: what not,
Raze out: If all be faulty, all our blot,

And blot my folly too: let silence shie
Make its remembrance in your censure die.
I much desir'd to be a Witness true
Unto these Nations (long since warn'd by you)
Of God's proceedings with them: and that he
Call'd you of old, their Watchman here to be;
And that you faithfully discover'd to them,
Time after time their ways, that would undo them,
And shew'd their way of peace: yet we march on,
On the wrong fork of your Greek Ypsilon:
The Lord sound our retreat: for he alone
Can guide right who so long astray have gone.
And here I testifie unto these Nations, (vations;
That (though they fall) you sought their prefer-
And that their fall is wilful; but however,
You have a sure reward laid up for ever:
And this, I hope, will some small comfort be
To your oppressed Muse, when she shall see
An English man attest that she's divine,
A d. sun-like, shall in Britain henceforth shine,
When future Generations unseal'd eyes
Shall see accomplish'd your past prophecies;
Which if our souls with patience can attend,
Gods glory and our good shall be the end.

Christopher Cloberry.

To the Reader.

REader, this Poem (verbally the same) was composed divers years since, and dedicated to Mr. *Wither* (a man to me utterly unknown) and about three years since, at my first sight of him, offered to him; whose modest refusal to own my attributes, concurring with my bashful timidity of publishing it, hath hitherto suppress'd it. And the great God (who hath since by his providences whipt me to it) knows that with much reluctancy of spirit I now divulge it, as that which hath been kept secret from my near and dear Relations, whose pardon I here implore for the same. Cover the defects hereof with candid connivence, the Errours of the Press with the consideration of my neer 200 miles distance from the Printer. If this profit my Countrey or thee, it will redound to my joy; if it disprofit myself, to my contentation, and submittance to his Divine Will, who wrought this impulse on the spirit of

Thy Friend in Him,
C. C.

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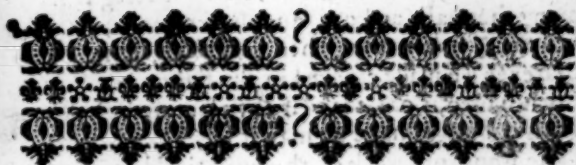
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ERRATA.

PAGE 3. line 2. for Embyron, read Embryon. p. 8. l. i. r. man.
 p. 14. l. 4. f. sores, r. snares. p. 16. l. 7. f. ambitious, r. ambition's.
 p. 21. l. 22. f. grudge, r. grudge' th. p. 26. l. 18. f. be, r. ber. p. 32. l. 21.
 f. fained, r. famed. p. 34. l. 30. f. overcometh, r. o'ercometh. p. 35. l. 36.
 f. the, r. thw. p. 41. l. 6. f. his, r. is. ibid. l. 11. f. judgement, r. judge-
 ments. l. 13. f. presumptious, r. presumption's. l. 29. f. profan' th, r.
 profan' st. l. 34. r. presumption's. l. 35. f. work, r. work. p. 47. l. 1. f.
 whip'd, r. wip'd. p. 48. l. 3. f. neer, r. new. l. 24. f. move, r. moare. l. 29.
 f. dewie, r. drery. p. 51. l. 9. f. victual, r. victuals. p. 53. l. 24. r. keeps.
 p. 55. l. 18. r. joyes. l. 22. r. should f. shall. p. 57. l. 30. f. souls, r.
 fowls. ibid. f. whom, r. when. p. 61. l. 19. f. bive, r. hine. l. 24. f. flames,
 r. flames. f. wants, r. want. p. 66. l. 20. r. all thy customers. p. 67. l. 4.
 f. no, r. on. p. 70. l. 1. r. provok' st. l. 23. f. putistr' st, r. petrif' st. l. 30.
 r. corrosives. p. 71. l. 10. r. autocrator. p. 73. l. 11. r. mislead. p. 79.
 l. 16. r. foiles. l. 18. r. paupharmacon f. paupharmacon. p. 87. l. 26.
 f. divine, r. dimne. p. 89. l. 9. f. first, r. fixt. p. 97. l. 11. f. sphere. r.
 peere. p. 110. l. 15. f. leave, r. lave, p. 111. l. 15. f. you're, r. you've. l.
 26. f. past, r. part. p. 121. l. 33. f. the, r. thee. p. 129. l. 1. f. valedictio-
 nis, r. valedictiones. p. 136. l. 8. f. the, r. thee. p. 154. l. 17. f. precious
 stones, r. precious sons. p. 155. l. 6. f. betten, r. better. p. 162. l. 12. f.
 self-proud sway, r. selfs proud sway.

Divine



DIVINE GLIMPSES OF A MAIDEN MUSE.

On Election.

R Eveal'd things may be Christian Poets song,
But hidden things to God alone belong :
LOVE was the reason why he thus did do;
But such a LOVE as none can dive into.

On the Creation.

L Ord, what a wonder's here! which none but thou
Could bring to pass (as Atheists must avow.)
Nature sayes, Out of nothing, nothing's had ;
But *Natures God*, of nothing, *all things made* :
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, with all that in them is ;
Angels and Men : yet nought of all amiss ;
Till those whom thou most perfect mad'st of all,
Corrupted all the rest, by their base fall.
Angels and Men, were they that robb'd of glory
The whole Creation ; and made transitory
What thou mad'st permanent : their sinning drew
Vanity on the creature ; and thence grew

B

Each

Each Discord, and Dissention, that doth reign
 Among them all, and us; and shall remain,
 Until *thy Kingdom come*, when thou shalt right
 Whatever we made crooked in thy sight:
 Which hasten, Lord, that (if thy pleasure be)
 In this our pilgrimage we may it see.

The wondrous work of thy well-tim'd creation,
 Deserves observance, and our admiration;
Times date and birth, from this first week of years,
 Or day of weeks, or hour of days appears;
 And, as we know there was no *Time* before,
 Our Faith foresees when *Time* shall be no more.
 Here all these temporary things begun,
 Fram'd by thy *Word*: and when their time is run,
 Shall by the same *Word* cease again to be:
 Save what eterniz'd is, by thy Decree
A parte post, which (everlasting made)
 Though time began them, shall not with time fade.
 Such Angels are, and such our souls; and we
 Shall such in bodies after Judgement be:
 Yea, now such are; onely here's interruption
Till this corruption put or incorruption.
Till this mortality invested be
With immortality; which *change* to thee
 Is less then nothing; (though to us most strange)
 Who *changeest* what thou wilt, yet dost not *change*.
 Our Bodies pulverated, (nay, much more:
 Admit annihilated) thou'lt restore
 Identically such again to be,
 The very same, as we the same now see;
 Save what may perfectize thine own Elect,
 And in the Reprobates augment defect.
 But soft, my Muse; launch not into the deep,
 Lest thou o'erwhelmed be; to *Leeward* keep:
 These depths are soundable by none but him,
 VVho can walk dry where heav'n & earth may swim,
 VVhose

(3)

VVhose Spirit mov'd upon the waters face,
When all the world an Embryon Chaos was;
Lord, these thy works of wonder far transcend
VVhat can be thought, much more what can be pen'd.
My silenc'd Quill (by thy dread awe suppress'd)
Shall cease to write. I'll wonder out the rest.

An Epigram on the Creation.

Poor man! why, why so proud? see here thy stock;
Thy principles are chips of Nothing's block:
Thy Mother, Earth: beast, fish, fowls, worms, and all,
May thee their younger Brother justly call:
Yet he who all things out of nothing made,
The rule of them to thee committed had:
But thou by sin that Kingdom forfeited'st, (tread'st.
Pois'ned'st the air thou breath'st, the earth thou
Disord'redest all the creatures. Mark this well:
And why art' proud? because an heir to hell?
That's a slight ground for Pride; that's reason small:
For cursed is that Kingdom, heirs and all:
Truly thou'rt proud for want of Grace (I fear)
And pride entitles thee to be hells heir.

Another on the same.

O H how it blinds all mortal wits to pry
Into a time when all was *Trinity*!
Next Angels, Men, Heav'n, Earth, Hell, Sea, were one
Coagulated *Chaos*, form'd alone
Out of meer *nothing*, by the *Tri-une God*,
VVho for his glory, on them all bestow'd
Their beings: but to Man alone did give
A means (when dead) whereby he might revive
In Gods own glory (if he sought it here)
VVho flights that love of his Creator dear.

Lord make us once again ; or better 'twere
 We nothing had remain'd, as first we were :
 Better for us indeed, but one to thee,
 Who wilt have glory, though we damned be.

On the Creatures.

SEe the great *Architectors* Alphabet
 In his grand *Chirograph*, mans second Book,
 Wherein by reading, he may knowledge get
 Of his *Creator* ; spell his Name, whose look
 Would blind all mortal eyes. But this great *Glass*
 Doth by reflection represent that God
 Unto Mans prying Soul, who Pen-man was
 Of all these Characters. It's wondrous odd
 To see Man's gross stupidity, how blind
 His sin-soil'd Reason's grown ; his will perverse,
 That dumb *Irrationals* are fain to mind
 Him of his God : nay, he is more averse
 From answering the end of his creation,
 By far, then they ; who in their kindes fulfil
 God's sacred will, and keep (*in their low station*)
 His holy Laws, according to their skill :
 They do so *all*, and always : but our hearts
 Are shooting still at *Rovers*, when the Lord
 Hath set us *Butt-marks* : our vile *Nature* thwarts
 His wayes of *Grace* : our *Wills* oppose his *Word*,
 As if we would send *challenges* to *Heaven*,
 And woo *Damnation* : headless, heedless man
 Sets all his Makers Laws at six and seven :
 In scorn neglects, what do with ease he can.
 Should this great Army of the creatures be
 So mutinous, the world would soon resolve
 Into its principles ; Mans Pedegree
 Produce no more descents. Oh let's revolve

This in our hearts ; and view this goodly frame,
 (As an eye-lecture to our souls) to bring
 Us home to holy life ; that we his Name
 May glorifie, who is our *God* and *King*. Amen.

On Redemption.

TEnter up *Nature* to the highest pin ;
 And rack *Philosophy* with quaintest gin ;
 Frenzied *Chymistry* ; and summon too't
 The old red *Serpent's* wits calcin'd to boot ;
 A way to finde for lapsed man to rise,
 And unborn-Babes might it as soon devise,
 As that grand *Senate* : But they ne'er desir'd
 That work, by Men and Angels so admir'd,
Nature conceiv'd it not to be conceiv'd ;
 Wherein the *God* of *Nature* her deceiv'd,
Philosophy with reason would have shaken
 That plot ; whence for *Morosophy* she's taken :
Chymistry's wit (to prove a practise rare)
 Turn'd *Ignis fatuus*, and expir'd in air :
 The *subtile Serpent* (keeping still the field
 With World and Flesh) a *Lamb* inforc'd to yeild.
 Oh *Lamb* invincible ! to thee be glory :
 Were't not for thee, the *Serpent* sure would worry
 Thy little Lambs, disperfed here and there ;
 Now so far sundred, as no man knows where :
 Hasten, Lord, to re-unite them : and disperse
 Thine and their Foes, revengeful and perverse :
 For thou art *Judah's Lyon*, and canst tame
 The wildest Beasts that dare blaspheme thy Name :
 For thine, hast thou descended from above,
 From thy dear *Father*, and the sacred *Dove* :
 From everlasting glory, to put on
 (A shrine that Angels ne'er could think upon)

Our basest nature, for our baser fakes :
 Who this in contemplation truly takes,
 Must needs be wonder-struck, stand, and admire
 At thy divinest *love*, who dost desire
 For all thy paines (which pass all valuation)
 Nothing but hearty, meek retaliation
 Of *love* for *love*; doubtless (were man not mad,
Satan still tempting, *world* and *flesh* as bad,
 And self-betraying *self* still pressing on us,
 By sin to draw more hardness still upon us)
 The hardest heart could ne'r retain a thought
 Of slighting *love* by *God* so dearly bought ;
 Who pay'd a price of *blood* for man's base fall,
 Enough to ransom *Devils*, *men* and *all* ;
 Had he ordained so, whose mercy will
 Man shall redeem'd be, but they damn'd still :
 O mercy trans-superlative ! so high
 As blinds both mens and Angels reasons eye ;
 And dumbs my Muse, who else would fain expend
 Time on this subject, till my time shall end.

Applicatio & Oratio.

WHAT, *God* and *man* ? And *God* for *man* be so ?
 Think *man* what thou to *God* for this dost owe.
 The debt is great, if thou a Banckrupt art :
 Yet he is sated, give him but thy heart.
 Oh take it, *Lord*, thou bought'st it dear : 'tis thine :
 It was, but is not now, nor shall be mine :
Lord, hold it fast ; for sure it's slip'y ware ;
 Twill slide from thee, without thy special care.

An Epigram on our Redemption.

FAll'n *man* redeem'd ? what cannot *mercy* do
 That saves those who their own destruction woo ?
 Man's

Man's actions (retrograde from what they seem)
 Tend all to what none wise their end would deem :
Mercy in heart he likes ; In practice proves
 That he severest *justice* rather loves :
 And have it sure he should, had not the Son
 Of his incensed God his pardon won :
 Who gave his foes his *blood*, and flesh for *food*.
 O *love* incredible to *flesh* and *blood* !
 It can be credited by none, but those
 Whom that true Manna turns to *friends* from *foes* ;
 Whose *faith's* eyes their redemption see as clear,
 As *fleshy* eyes see any object here.

On man's Justification.

Lord ! I am wonder-struck at this sweet sound :
Justification doth me quite confound.
 When I consider what our *nature* is,
Thoughts, *words*, and *works*, and all that is amiss,
 Ev'n in the *best* of the *best* man's endeavours,
 The *Agues* of our spirits, and their *favours*,
 And all our soul-sick *frenzies* (which possess
 Some with a *fancy* of *self-righteousness*)
 Our *waywardness* to good ; *proneness* to ill,
 Rounding the paths of *sin*, like horse in mill ;
 The number, numberless of all our *crimes* ;
 Re-iterated too so many times,
 And re-committed, after penitence,
 And *vows* against them, which must needs incense
 A just and holy God, whose piercing eye
 Sees the least Atome-sin, and can espy (glorious,
 Damn'd *guilt* in deeds which men have deem'd most
 Yea, which some have imagin'd meritorious ;
 Tell me (think I) as well the Sea doth burn ;
 The spheres stand still, and rousing earth doth turn ;

As that base *man* can just appear to thee,
Who in his life such horrid blots dost see;

Each heart's *imaginations* thou dost spie
Ill wholly, only, and continually.

Yet so it is, *Lord*: thou hast found a way
By which *man* (as it were) deceive thee may,
And blind thy *Justice*; plead thy Sons desert
For our im-merits, thou contented art.

Admired mercy! Love stupendious!

Our Creditor should pay the debt for us
Due to himself; whereof we ne'r could pay
The smallest mite, nor the least charge defray:

Else had we in eternal torments lain:
But thou both payd'st the debt, and bor'st the pain;

That thy divinely *Justice* might receive
Full *satisfaction*, lest she else might grieve

To be o'ercome by *mercy*: so dost thou
Punish our sins in *Christ*, and disavow

Our acting of them. And *unjust* it were,
To punish us, since he our sins did bear:

He hath for us fulfill'd thy *Law*, and born
Most hellish torments, and earths basest scorn:
That *faith* in him might make us *fair* to thee,
Who else should in thine eyes like *Devils* be;

Nay worse then they; since *mercy* we contain,
And proffer'd *grace* which thou ne'r deign'st to them:

Doubtless hadst thou ordain'd thy Lamb to die
Them to redeem, as well's man's progeny;

(Whose *blood* might have redeem'd *them all* as well)
There had not been a *Devil* now in *Hell*.

Pardon me *Lord*, if I hyperbolize,
Or in opinion too much charitize

Towards thy foe and ours; It's but to shew
Our dead, depraved *nature*, markt by few,

Mended by none, nor mendable by any

Save thee alone; Our breaches are so many.

Lord

Lord, re-enliven this dead corpse by grace :
 Rebuild its breaches ; all its sins deface :
 Say to it, *Be thou just*, and it shall be
Just in thy sight, and from defilement free.

An Epigram on the same.

BAd good ! day night ! the swartheft blackmoor white !
 Injustice *just* ! in Gods all-seeing sight !
 Is he deceiv'd ? can his eye blinded be ?
 Love makes him undertake to over-see,
 And take upon himself man's sins : Our score
 He cleared hath : Oh let us sin no more !
 Lest he repent him of the mercy shown us :
 And see us like our selves : and so disown us :
 For it transcends all *wonder*, sinful dust
 Should in the great *Creators* eyes be *just*.

On man's Sanctification.

GOd us creates, redeems, and justifies,
 By means *without us*, which he did devise ;
 And all by works of *wonder* past all thought,
 In *love* and *wisdom* infinite he wrought :
 Whereby he us engag'd beyond all hope ;
 Yet still his *love* proceeds to find new scope,
wonders to work *within us* ; To renew
 Our *nature* by his *grace* ; to make false true ;
 To sanctifie un sanctified man ;
 A work that quite confounds my heart to scan.
 Here's *nature* mortifi'd, yet living still :
Grace vivifi'd, and rectifying will :
 Yet *Will*, by *Nature* clean averse from *Grace*,
 And *Grace* and *Nature* ne'er well brook't one place.
 Here's *Sin* still dying, and yet still reviving ;
 Using all means to *live*, and yet not thriving :

The

The Prince of Darknes still the soul assailing,
 Though never quite beat off, nor yet prevailing :
Conscience and *Reason* daily are in fight,
 Yet *Conscience* hath sweet peace, and *Reason* right :
 The *Flesh* oft seeks to undermine the *Spirit*,
 With *self-conceit*, *presumption*, and *false merit*,
 And many other wayes her up to blow,
 As *Man* renew'd (to his great griefe) doth know :
 Mean while the *Spirit* with inforc'd agility,
 Doth countermine against them with *Humility*,
 Which sweet mild saint o'ercomes them all : But then,
 When the low thoughts of self hath wrought in men,
Satan doth re-assault with furious force,
 Attempting them from *God* quite to diyorce
 By fell *Despair* ; and raiseth batteries
 To storm the fort where *Faith* enfeebled lies :
 Who when the fight grows dangerous and hot,
 Pulls in a *Lamb* betwixt her and the shot ;
 And (under his protection) overthrows
 All *Satans* Bulwarks, and routs all her Foes ;
 Foes that would quickly all mankind undo,
 Were not our *Lamb* *Judah's* Tribes *Lion* too ;
 Whose everlasting pow'r with ease can quell
 The joynd force of all the Fiends in Hell.
 Then let the roaring *Lion* seek abroad,
 Whom to devour throughour the worlds great road ;
 Rage, rave, and plot, and send his subtle spies,
 (Th' unbottom'd pits black locusts) whose quick eyes
 See all earth's Globe at once : fear not, my soul,
 Although thy foes conspiracies are foul ;
 Their combinations strong ; their plots most deep ;
Israels Keeper stumbe's not : no sleep
 Screens up his eyes, who all their plots will dash,
 And thee deliver from their horrid lash ;
 Remit thy sins, obliterate thy folly,
 And make thee holy as himself is holy ;

Till

Will thou be with the Lamb (who's *Judab's Lion*)
 Rapp'd up to reign for ever on *Mount Sion*,
 And sing with that Cœlestial Quire above,
 Sweet Hallelujahs to the God of Love.

An Epigram on the same.

SANctification is the *Tree of Life*,
 Not that false tree that fool'd our grandfathers wife ;
 Whereby we from our innocencie fell :
 This is the way to *Heav'n*, that was to *Hell*.
 Whoso on this Tree's sacred fruit doth feed,
 Shall be in all things like to God indeed.

Sin.

MONster of Monsters ! who hast monstrous made
 Nature it self, in us, who natures had
 First, pure, and holy, and to good inclin'd :
 Till (by thy falshood) we to bad declin'd :
 And thy meer essence is extream averse
 From God, and good ; but prone to ways perverse.
 All that the great Jehovah made, was good
 VVhen he created it ; and (had they stood)
 Angels and Men had so continu'd still :
 But they would needs be gods, and had their will
 So far, that they *Creators* were of thee,
 VVhom they created, both their falls to be :
 A *Creatures Creature*, and so vile a one,
 That *Heav'n*, *Earth*, *Hell*, so bad besides have none ;
 Rake *Tophet's* cinders ; sift the Serpents seed ;
 And keep the worst ; yet will that damned breed
 More fair in Gods all-seeing eyes appear,
 Then *Sin*, which summon'd them together there.
 Sin made God angry ; Men and Angels fall ;
 Made God make *Hell* ; and *Sin* made *Dev'l* and all.

Ah

Ah ! curst caſtiff ; how can we delight
 In the embracement of ſuch wretched wight ?
 A hideous Elf, abhorr'd of all that's good ;
 Our dear Redeemer's Murderer ; whoſe Blood
 By curst ſacrilegious hands was ſpilt,
 To waſh our ſouls from ſins polluting guilt.
 Our ſoul's the precious game for which ſhe fiſhes,
 Which to deſtroy eternally ſhe wiſhes ;
 Yet we (bewitched we) moſt dearly love her ;
 Too dearly ſure, as all will find that prove her :
 Whoſe ſouls ſhall purchaſe (Oh the deareſt gain !)
 For ſins ſhort pleaſure, their eternal pain.
 'Tis ſure ſome witchcraft, ſome enchanting ſpell,
 Whereby ſhe trains us on aſleep to Hell :
 And ſtupifies our ſenſes ; blindes our eyes ;
 Obſcures our ears ; and phantaſms doth deviſe,
 To charm our fancies, and beſet our reaſon ;
 And make our ſelves againſt our ſelves work treaſon.
 Nor have we in our ſelves pow'r to reſiſt
 Her winning wiles, nor from her love deſiſt :
 That pow'r ſupernal is : O deareſt Lord,
 Grant us this pow'r, thy help to us afford :
 Then ſhall we force thy greateſt Foe to yeild,
 And make our tempting ſin forſake the field.

An Epigram on the ſame.

THe Devil's a Witch : our Proverb tells us thus ;
 But Sin's the Witch that witch'd both Him and Us.
 Him paſt all cure : but we may cured be,
 If we by faith can Jeſus ſee and ſee.
 Great God aſſiſt us, and it ſhall ſuffice :
 For we muſt have from Thee both hands and eyes.

Pride: the Seed of Sin.

Great fall of *Men and Angels*; Heavens hate;
 Wert thou as good as thou art seeming great;
 Thou would'st the fairest *Vertue* be of many;
 But art the most deformed *Vice* of any.
 Scorn of all good; a bastard mungrel Evil,
 Begot betwixt *relapsing Man and Devil*;
 Though both (*quā tales*) thy own creatures be;
 Begetters of, and yet begot by thee:
 A monstrous spawn of *Incest* sp'ritual,
 That *Viper*-like, hadst life from parents fall:
 And yet thou vaunt'st, boasting thy birth and blood,
 When no progenitor of thine was good:
 Surpassest in thy self-conceit (by odds)
 Those humbler souls descended from the gods,
 Whose most heroick race, and princely birth,
 Farther transcendeth thine, then heaven doth earth.
 Bold *Queen of Vices*, thou ledst on the Van
 Of that *Black Regiment* that foiled Man
 Under Gods elbow, by the Prince of Hell,
Lucifer thy *Lieutenant Colonel*,
 Under the subtile Serpents shape disguis'd,
 Thereby presuming to make man despis'd
 In his *Creators* eyes for evermore;
 Whose *Mercie* sent his Son to clear that score;
 Whose *brake* the Serpents head: thy daring skill
 Did legions of sacred Angels fill
 With God-unthroning plots; whereby they fell
 To all eternity, cast down to Hell;
 The glory of thy conquests: yet thy gain
 Appears but small; for they subdu'd again
 Thee their subduer; and have forc't thee since
 To act in service of their direful Prince;

VWho

Who by *Self-merit*, and *Presumption*,
 (Thy fatal Daughters) hath more souls drawn on
 In everlasting-fire-chains to be ti'd,
 Then by all other sins and ~~foes~~ *foes* beside. *Snarers*
 Mother of *Antichrist*; thou first set'st on
 The founding of *Mysterious Babylon*:
 The *Beast* is but thy *Creature*, and the *whore*
 Thy eldest unmach't Daughter: I therefore
 A Mate will motion to her, (though a mad one,
 Yet not unfit) it is the great *Abaddon*;
 Who shortly will to her a Kingdom give,
 Wherein (though dying) she shall ever live:
 For here her time is short, as I compute,
 And will be found so, without all dispute:
 Therefore translate her hence unto the place
 Before all worlds prepared for her was;
 It is her portion; Oh detain it not;
 Do her no wrong, but let her have her lot:
 And then the Lord of Life shall rule again,
 And under him his humble Saints shall reign:
 Amen, Lord Jesus, haste it on: for lo,
 The whole Creation groans to have it so;
 The Angels, Saints and Martyrs cry aloud,
 To have thy vengeance poured on the proud:
 For of all sins that bar poor man from bliss,
 To Them and Thee *Pride* the most hateful is:
 None doth in Man thy Image more deface;
 Nor any makes us in thy sight so base.
 VVhat *Necromantick Philter* us hath charm'd,
 And both of *sense*, and *reason* so disarm'd,
 That we should glory in our greatest shame?
 Our *Fig-leaf cloathes*, do but our fall proclaim:
 VVas that worth boasting of? Then thy gains scan,
 Proud, prinking, pranking, prating parret man:
 And brag on, spare not, kneaded lump of clay;
 Thy seal'd damnation 'twill at last display;

Handful of dust coagulate, short span
 Of putrid earth; such art thou proudest man:
 Thou vaunt'st of thy descent, and may'st do't well;
 Never was greater then from heav'n to hell:
 Thy pedigree I'll shew (I dare aver)
 To be *Angelick*, from great *Lucifer*.
 Thy parts, and gifts, of body, and of soul
 Are fair, and comely; but pride makes them foul.
 Thou aimst at great atchievements; buildst high hopes;
 Sand-founded structures; On whose towring tops
 Are batt'ries rais'd against the walls of Heav'n;
 But all thy Cannon-shot (of force bereav'n)
 Retort from those unpierced edifices
 Upon thy self, and so thy fond devices
 Are self-crush't: And what self not ruins,
 Death briefly seizeth and annihilates.
 Proud fool; go, rake great *Alexander's* dust;
 The ashes of those *Hero's*, whose meer lust
 Their pow'r transform'd to law; whose very word
 Made *Empires* tremble; whose devastating sword
 Made seas of blood; and robb'd the lands of breath:
 Divorcing souls from bodies by grim death;
 And see how calm they are, how voyd of pride,
 As if all *Histories* had them bely'd.
 Draw neerer home, and open late-made tombs
 Of thy progenitors, within whose wombs
 Their nigh-corrupted flesh sends forth a stink
 Which thou abhor'st to smell; yea loath'st to think
 How noysom 'tis; And tell, O tell me then
 If there be reason for such pride in men:
 Dost thou their flesh-devested bones there see?
 Such *Skeleton* be sure thy self shall be;
 If not by providence to worse ordain'd:
 For worse corruption many have sustain'd;
 And (truth to say) most proper 'twere for thee,
 Should thy dead corpse by fowls devoured be;
 Who

Who living, in self-thoughts didst soar on high,
 And so (when dead) on others wings shalt fly.
 Pride is Lust's Bawd ; Broker to Avarice ;
 Mother of Envy, and each hateful Vice ;
 Excesses Vintner, Brewer, Cook, and Baker ;
 The Souldiers and the Lawyers Cavil-Maker ;
 Ambitious Engineer, Wars shoo-born : so
 Were't not for Pride, souldiers might bare-foot go ;
 VWho now march booted, to advance the shew
 Of her vain-glorious, self-conceited Crew ;
 Shoo-makers, Haberdashers, Jewellers,
 VWith Lapidaries, Goldsmiths, Pewterers,
 Cutlers, and Armourers, all sorts of Drapers,
 Fencers, and Fiddlers, Dancers cutting capers ;
 Those that make Buttons, Bandstrings, Tires, and Borden
 Teeth, Eyes, and Periwigs, and mend disorders
 In ugly Faces ; with a countless number
 Of other Trades, who us with changes cumber :
 Chameleon Dyers, who by Art do vary
 Their colours to the same that others carry,
 Attend her train ; all plague-sick of the Fashion,
 Led on by Taylors (pest of English Nation)
 VWhose Proteus-like changing quite out-braves
 In mutability, the Moon and VVaves ;
 VWho Frenchifie our men and women so,
 That who are English we can hardly know ;
 VWho a new Fashion do affect so well,
 They'l have it, though they knew it came from Hell
 Did they the Dev'l in Uncouth Habit spie,
 They'ld sue for his Old Suit, to cut New by.
 These are (which I think cannot be deny'd)
 Gentlemen-ushers to the Devil and Pride :
 A Letany (to beg deliverance
 From these) were very fit, Here and in France :
 VWhich two fond Nations they have stultifi'd,
 This last-past Age, more then the world beside ;

Pride would fear banishment, if they should fall :
 VWho are supporters of her, *Devil* and all :
 I think few wise men deem this censure hard ;
 If Laws were mended, *Taylours* would be marr'd,
 And *women* made more *wise*, and *poor men* too,
 VWho now betwixt them both have much to do :
 But sure ere long I hope the time to see,
 VWhen *English Laws* shall so amended be ;
 That pride (*the subject now of admiration*)
 Shall be *scorn's* subject throughout all the Nation :
 VWhen we shall glory not in *gawdy cloaths*,
New-fangled fashions, or in *horrid oaths*,
 Or *spotted faces* with *like souls* within,
 Or *hair* like those that in a *Mill* have been,
 Or *self-conceited gestures*, *speech* or *looks*,
 The *Devils* new devised *baits* and *hooks*,
 To catch poor souls : But shall with joynt accord
 Glory in this, that we do know the Lord,
 And that he is our God, and will us own,
 He knowing us, and being of us known ;
 VWho will suppress the proud, exalt the meek ;
 And then his people shall to Sion seek,
 VWith joy and peace. Oh haste the time, dear Lord :
 Let thy *Church* say *Amen*, with one accord.

An Epigram on the same.

HELL-maker, why so high ? I stile thee well,
 For thou mad'st *Devils*, and they made God make
Apollyon ; destruction is thy trade : (Hell :
 For thou marr'dst man, and man marr'd all God made.
 Let reason rule the rest ; quit thy old score ;
 Mend what thou marred hast, or vaunt no more.

Avarice: the Root of Sin.

Hunger-starv'd plenty ! what a Monster's here ?
 A greedy stomach, pin'd in midst of cheer ;
 Yet wants nor hands, nor mouth, nor teeth to feed ;
 With these she tears, devours, grinds those that need :
Opus and *Usus*, (all the means of profit)
Opus that gets it, makes not *Usus* of it.
 This gnawing worm its Mothers *inrails* rends,
 To line fat bags ; nay, its own spirits spends ;
 Indangers *soul* and *body* that to gain,
 Which is but kept with fear, when got with pain,
 And never us'd ; joy'd in, but not in joy'd :
 At fullest, still complains of being voyd :
All put to *use*, and yet none *us'd* at all ;
 A fine Fools *Paradise* I may it call :
 Wherein wise worldlings much delight to walk,
 Though to their endless pain : they think, and talk,
 Plot, and project, and waste out day and night,
 In carking care to get, (by wrong, or right,
 Or any means) what gotten, but annoyes,
 And is the worst of vanities and toyes.
 This greedy Dame made thievish *Achan* run
 A course that *Isr'el* had almost undone,
 That brought on him and his, most sad confusion.
 This cursed *Caitiff* caus'd the great effusion
 Of *Ahabs* Races blood ; a numerous crew
 Of *Royal Imps*, whom furious *Jehu* slew :
 Then out of pride and greediness to reign,
 Return'd to *Jeroboam's* sin again,
 Who had through *Avarice* (in time of old)
 Stock't *Dan* and *Bethel* with curst Calves of gold.
 She made the great *Assyrian Monarch* plunder
 The sacred Temple, once the worlds rare wonder :

'Twas greediness, not neediness of wealth,
 Provok'd that Prince to sacrilegious stealth.
 She 'twas when *Christ* did preach, that deafness wrought
 In learned *Scribes* and *Pharises*, who taught
 The people most exactly, yet were blind
 Themselves the while, through *Avarice* of minde,
 And seeing could not see, nor bearing hear,
 Those *Truths* which in their *Scriptures* written were.
 This hellish *Hag* betray'd our dearest Lord,
 Made *Judas* sell him (for a price abhor'd)
 Who a self-strangling, and damnation got,
 As Over-plus of purchase for his lot,
 She to the *holy Ghost* to lye inclin'd
 Poor *Ananias* and *Sapphira's* minde :
 For which on them that fearful *Judgement* fell
 Of sudden Death, if not of sudden Hell.
 She made wise *Simon Magus* Sophimore,
 Thinking by Coin (which none but fools adore)
 To purchas that unvaluable Gift
 Of God's most *holy Spirit* ; but his drift
 Was at his Gain , and so he gained hath
 Lasting Reproach, if not e'erlasting Death.
 She wrought the *Pythonesse's* girles masters,
 On *Paul* and *Silas* to bring such disasters
 In old *Philippi*. And at *Ephesus*
Diana's Zealot, blinde *Demetrius*,
 To raise an uproar, and an Idol prize
 Beyond the Lord of Life : where were his eyes ?
 Not on his goddesses, but (his god) his gain :
 For whose sole sake he that hot Zeal did faine.
 This made unhappy *Felix* leave *Paul* bound,
 Although no cause of his restraint he found :
 Yet in that passage, *Avarice* (we see)
 Procur'd unwonted affability ;
 And (since that Scripture is undoubted true)
 I'll instance it, to give the *Dev'l* his due.

Leprous *Gehezi* I could here bring forth,
 And many more examples notice-worth,
 In Histories *sacred*, and forraign too :
 But that will endless be for me to do ;
 It might be for my *pleasure*, not my *gains* :
 For sure no *miser* would requite my *pains*.
Covetousness might find me lasting work,
 Should I into her secret corners lurk,
 Survey her bags, and baggage tricks together :
 And yet in my expressions *bate* of either.
 She's *prides* sworn *sister* ; but that *pride's* too dear
 Oft-times for her, who still loves to go near ;
 She loaths (*prides* hand-Maid) *Cost*, who makes her
 For none but she and *loss* do pierce her heart. (*Smart* :
 The *world*, and coin, of all round things she loves,
 And of *square dealings* mostly she approves,
 Save in her *self* : for there she'l all confound ;
 Make that seem *square*, which others know is *round* ;
uneven even, basest *wrong* seem *right* ;
 Light make of *darkness*, and bright day of *night*.
 Her train are *under-Sheriffs*, *Bayliffs*, *Brokers*,
Pursuants, *keepers*, and such *men-provokers* :
 Their loading is of *papers*, *parchments*, *waxes* ;
 Which terrifie *men* more then *new-rai's'd taxes* :
 These all (like *Cannibals*) the coast do scour,
 And *Devil-like*, seek whom they may devour :
 These *Anthropophagi* are nearest friends
 To *avarice*, by whom she works her ends :
Mercy's her wonder : *mildness* she deems *wild* ;
 And thinks severest *justice* much too mild.
 If harshest *cruelty* her *gain* procure,
 She will baptize it *courtesie* most pure ;
 If not meer *charity* : she's *Satans* *bawd* ;
 And can (like him) by her sublimed fraud
 Assume an *Angel's* shape, whilst she commits
Rapes on poor *innocents* ; and racks her wits,

Widdows and Orphans to devour ; her faith
Is Pharisaike falshood, which betray'ch
All those that trust her, (though relations near)
Vicinity's forgot, if gain appear.
It's she, wise Heathens term'd the root of evils,
VVhich in no Garden grows, except the Devils ;
Unfit for Christian heart to entertain,
Or to be lodged in a Converts brain.
Her heart's the mint of all deceits : the sink
Of bloodiest crimes, that heart of man can think :
The Devil is chief coiner in this Cell ;
And stamps the Cash to buy him slaves for Hell.
Her sly insinuation screws into
Cor upted nature, and doth us undo
Insensibly : her none-such subtilties,
'Mongst men inveigles mostly the most wise,
And ablest parted ; masters of most reason,
Before perversion : If a heart she season
VVith love of gain, that heart's bewitched quite,
And 'rest of reason, truth, peace, love, delight ;
Of mercy, conscience, and of all that's good ;
And grudgeth its sole-lov'd self both cloaths and
Scrapes all it may, from whomsoe'er it can, (food :
Without respect of friend, foe, God, or man ;
Yet gotten cannot, will not use it : why ?
If you know not, no more doth he, nor I ;
Unless the Devils enchantments so prevail,
To blind his sense, and make his reason fail :
For inclinations unto other sins
Mostly decay in age : but this strength wins,
And grows with age it self : the elder still
A miser grows, more griping grow he will :
A judgement sad ; a man should labour most
For what he least doth need : spend time and cost,
In that which he must forthwith leave to others,
And knows not unto whom ; & mean-while smotheres

His souls desires of seeking *grace* ; indeed
 That is the gain he most of all doth need.
 Perhaps with *Magus* he befools himself,
 Hoping to purchase *grace* with worldly pelf :
 There's no such barter feasible ; One grain
 Of *grace*, exceeds the *wealth* of earth and main,
 In truest value : *God* and *Mammon* prove
 Incompatible masters ; whoe'er love
 One, must despise the other : *God* loves peace,
Mammon's contention's Prince : *strife* cannot cease
 In hearts by him o'er sway'd : *Treasons* and *Wars*,
Bloodsheds, *oppressions*, *violence* and *jars*,
 Are his hearts-solace : And all other evils
 Are rise in him, as in the very Devils.
Lord, fortifie our souls by thy free Spirit
 Against this slavish sin, whose justest merit
 Is guerdon of *Injustice* ; for she sways,
 And corrupts *Justice*, by her bribing wayes,
 Throughout the earth : And take this at farewell :
 Though here thou do'st, thou shalt not do't in Hell.

An Epigram on the same.

Hard-handed *Mammon* ! why do'st gripe so fast ?
 Thy gain will surely be but small at last :
 Thy muck is ordure ; thou art a gold-finder :
 Thy close-fist griping doth thy holding hinder ;
 'Twill squeeze betwixt thy fingers, and be lost,
 Unless thou gape to save it : Oh, haste, post :
 And (lest thy sweet, beloved ware, should fall)
 Hold fast with arms, with hands, teeth, mouth, and all :
 Take, take it all : And then withall take this,
 Thy body's rob'd of rest, thy soul of bliss :
 All cannot unto either of them buy
 A moments ease to all Eternity.

Lust : A branch of sin.

Give leave to *venial Sin*, the lists to enter ;
 She'll soon display the height of your adventure;
 And prove the *whore*, that gave her that slight name,
 A lying gossip, though a mincing dame.
Lust hath both borch and blain of sin's worst pest,
 And therefore mortal is as well's the rest.
 Nay none is so infectious ; she strikes dead,
 By glance of eye, by sight of clothes, or bed,
 Of parties not infected ; yea, each *sense*
 She poisons with her flaming pestilence :
Sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, and all infect
 (By secret Magick) her enamour'd sect :
 A *smile, a song, a sent, a cup, a kiss*,
 Heart-wounding, and most mortal to them is.
 Yea, (which her venome more admired makes)
 Of *pest-free* people she the plague oft takes
 At distance vast, (Oh most stupendious wonder !)
 Of parties many hundred miles asunder :
 Their *Lust* hath sometimes on a *picture* fir'd,
 Which shadow made the substance more desir'd.
 And thus the *Jewish Dames* did doat (of old)
 When they did *Chaldee* counterfeits behold.
 Nay, her insinuating Neeromancy,
 Works (where's no real Object, on the fancy ;
 And stupifying reason, sense and all,
 Makes some in love with meer *Idea's* fall :
 Whose souls of judgement she hath made so void,
 To joy in that that cannot be enjoy'd ;
 And *Lust* contemplative hath so produc'd
 Incestuous Monsters, 'twixt self-thoughts abus'd.
 Lust is the Devils fueller ; makes fires,
 And blows into a flame unchaste desires.

Contriving ever by deceits to win
 Others to be partakers of her sin :
 And mostly (if it end in publick shame)
 They each on other strive to lay the blame :
 Which shews in hearts where *lust* hath got possession,
 A great averfness to a plain confession,
 Which should blaze penitence. This fire obdures,
 And crusts the conscience, where it once inures.
 She's now become one of the chief commanders
 Of the *infernal* Legions ; for her panders
 Are *pride, excess, and sloth*, yea *avarice*
 Dotes mostly more on her than any vice,
 If she come cheap : But if the price be high,
 Her flames (at thought thereof) expire, and die.
Lust is on earth grown a commandress great,
 Who ere the *Crown* do wear, she keeps the *seat* :
 The *Throne* and *Scepter* royal she doth sway ;
 And (for the most part) *Monarchs* makes obey.
 Our first that title got of *faith's* defender,
 Prov'd herein a notorious *faiths*-offender.
 A King perhaps *most Christian* may be stil'd,
 Or *Catholick* ; and yet be so defil'd
 With *lust's* pollution, as to merit scorn
 From *Catholicks* and *Christians* yet unborn ;
 Who will hereafter see with clearer eyes,
 Then this dull age their covert Crimes espies ;
 For *palaces*, and earth's most large possessions,
 Are most deprav'd by *lust, excess, oppressions*,
 And such like vices ; which have often been
Lust's bawds, whereby we *Saints* intrapt have seen.
 For *Ammon's* sword had spar'd *Uriah's* life ;
 And he had not been drunk, but that his wife
 Was grown (by *lust's* enchanting forceries)
 A pearl at once in both poor *David's* eyes :
 What he abhorr'd to think, she made him do,
 Blinding his eyes of soul, and body too.

And his son *Amnon* by his incest foul,
 Wrought his own drunken death, and wrong'd his
 Whose *fratriciduous brother* (past all shame) (soul;
 Out-vi'd his *incest*, as a sin too tame
 For such a roister; who in *Sol's* bright eye,
 Before all *Israel* (in contempt) did lie
 With his dear *Fathers* Concubines; a fact
 Fitter for *Devil*, then for man to act.
 This sin inveigled had two brothers more
 Of their twelve *Patriarchs* (in times of yore)!
Reuben and *Judah*, both herewith defil'd;
 Wittingly one, but t'other was beguild.
 Nor could burnt *Sodom's* cinders terrifie
 Heav'n-rescu'd *Lot* from *lust's* *Nicanhropy*:
 Nor both their judgements afterwards prevent
 The *Benjamitish* *Gibeah's* punishment.
 The subt'ly wicked Prophet *Balaam* blew
 This cole in *Isr'els* hearts; so them orethrew,
 Whom his enchantments could not hurt at all:
 (Being *Devil-proof*) and yet by *lust* did fall.
 Old *Eli's* sons hereby Gods wrath provok'r,
 To his *Ark's* loss, and *Isr'els* being yok't
 Under *Philistims*; and their own sad deaths,
 Which robb'd one's VVife, both's Father, of their
 The *Preacher*, wisest of meer mortals; who (breaths.
 Knew most of men, knew so much women too,
 That *lust* infatuated the most wise;
 Wrestling his wisdom to Idolatrize.
 So he to whom *Jehovah* twice appear'd,
 To *Chemosh*, *Molech* *Milcom*, Altars rear'd,
 To *Ashtaroth*, and all the host of Heav'n:
 For which his son was of ten Tribes bereav'n;
 Whence *Jacobs* seed dicotomiz'd remain,
 Their kingdom never unifi'd again.
Herod's base *lust*, dish't up the *Baptist's* head;
 Lust the *Corin'bian* laid in's father's bed.

The Gentile's great *Apostle* she disturb'd ;
 And could not by his praying thrice be curb'd :
 At least not conquer'd. Since, as well's before,
 She hath been *Satans* messenger to more,
 She's both to us, and heathens, (though she mince)
Leidger *Embassadour* for *Hell's black Prince* ;
 And *Rome's* fly Nuntio's, (*Machiavilians* pure)
 Did ne'er attain their errands ends more sure.
Egypt's great *Cleopatra* fair, grown foul
 By lust's pollution, lost both soil, and soul.
 The greater *Hercules*, whose very name
 Wonder-strook men, was blasted by this flame ;
 All whose twelve matchless labours sam'd persevere ;
 And yet his fame's eclips'd by lust for ever.
 The greatest *Jupiter* (by lust o'ercome)
 From God turn'd beast, and was a bull become :
 True, 'twas a *faigned god* : But look, and see
 He conquer'd slaves, who *fain* would true gods be,
 The *Roman Chair-men*, whose unchaste flames
 Made their sea burn ; and cauteriz'd their names,
 As well as Consciences : When *Mentz-born Johan*
 Play'd *Fathers Father*, till a child-birth groan
 Made her a publick mother : Whose cross birth
 Brought forth the hollow chair for gods on earth,
 The Popish touch-stone. *Sergius* the third
 Honour's *Marozia's* strumpetship, bestir'd
 (I might have said bestrid) by many more,
 Then any Pope's Minions had before :
 Whose Bastard *John*, made *Incest* venial ;
Adultery no crime ; which prov'd his fall.
 Yet *Hildebrand*, (*Anglicè, brand de Hell*)
 Must his *Matilda* have, and more as well
 As her, and she as him : (a hackny Jade
 Refus'th no Rider.) And perhaps that made
Martin the fourth, so curious of his whore ;
 Though *Benedict* the twelfth's did cost him more.

Sixtus the Fourth's *Tirefia's* pearled shoes
 Must be maintain'd by his maintaining Stews;
 And *legalizing Sodomy*. And next,
Nocens preach't on upon the carnal text;
 Gets bastards by the dozen; whose void chair
Sixth Alexander fills; and proves true heir
 Both to his *Crowns* and *vices*; who defil'd
 His own fair Daughter *Lucrece*: made his child
 His Anvil to form Princes horns upon:
 And yet his filth's outv'd (when he is gone)
 By his successor *Julius*; who must
 Make Boys turn Maids to satisfy his lust:
 Yet (as if on that name it were a curse)
 He was the second, and the *third* was worse:
 Whose predecessor *Paul* (a third man too)
 Did e'en as much, as man turn'd Dev'l could do:
 After his panderism, and prostitution
 Of his own sister, and her base pollution
 By his foul incest, in a jealous mood
 Poysons her: And (lest he might be withstood
 In using his own daughter) with like sauce
 Serves he her heedless husband: *Natures laws*
Are null to him: Nor can his neece escape
 His boundless lust: But her attempted rape
 Is by her husbands stoutness so prevented,
 As might have made his holiness repented,
 Had he not feared been; whose wound (at least)
 Might well be call'd *the man's mark of the beast*,
 Monster of men! whose *lust*, or hope of gains,
 Forty five thousand curtezans maintains;
 Enough to pox All *Italy*, and quell
 That Nations fire of *lust* with fire of *Hell*.
 God justly might for this sole Monster's sake,
 Calcine *Rome Sodom-like*, and *Tyber* make
Asphaltis, did not tender mercy stay
 His vengeance, till the neer-approaching day

Of the great *Whores* confusion: when at last
 She shall be pay'd full home for all that's past.
Rome's Throne out-strips all Thrones on Earth be-
 In whoredom; for it may be verifi'd, (side
 Popedom & whoredom; (rightly weigh'd) doom'd be
 Inconvertible terms in some degree:
Rome's the great *Whore*, Earth's greatest *K.* the Pope;
 Experience this, and that the Scriptures scope
 Makes manifest to each inlightned eye:
 But *Babels Brats* in wilful blindness lye;
 Since that false Chair to Pope first Title gave,
Rome ne'er miss'd whore; scarce *Peter's Chair* a *knave*.
 But soft, my *Muse*; *Rome's* lust hath made thee *rome*
 From thy Theme *lust*: Look to thy lust neer *home*;
 Look to thy heart, lest she surprise thee there;
 She lies in Ambuscado every where:
 At *Sermons* she is lurking; steals the eye,
 And then the *heart*: when heav'nly *Psalmody*
 Our souls should ravish, she affects our ear
 VVith carnal melody of some *voyce* there;
 Poysons our Cordials: her flames, whilst they burn,
 God's *Church* into the Devil's *Chappel* turn:
 Her fire spoys all our sacrifices: while
 We pray, or praise, she will our hearts beguile
 VVith wandring thoughts; and taints our duties so,
 That God rejects them: she's a subtle foe,
 And vigilant advantages to take,
 VVhen of devotion greatest shews we make.
 VVhat man can sound her depth? she fools the wise;
 Enfeebles young; and puts out old mens eyes:
 Her *baits* are layd in every path we tread;
 At Church, at home, abroad, at boord, at bed:
 And rarely miss they speeding; Nature's mold
 Is so proclive to their embracement: *Cold*
 Is not more incident to *Ice*, then *man*
 Is to Lust's *Ignis Fatuus*; nor can

VVe well discern her workings on our hearts :
 She doth insinuate by secret arts
 Into our very *souls* ; and captivates
 Us to *the law of sin* : admits debates,
 Only in order to her conquest on us ;
 And leads us blindfold, till she have undone us.
 The eye her window, heart her cloister is ;
 The head her shop ; and all to train from bliss
 Poor self-betraying man. Her trade (of old
 In the world's non-age) still she on doth hold,
 To flock God's sons, and servants ; whom she drew
 Men's Daughters fair with lustful hearts to view,
 And mungrellize their seed ; the fatal ground
 Of that great *deluge*, which all mankind drown'd,
 Save eight in- *Ark* *Noachians* ; and her fires
 Still tempt *Gods sons* on to unchast desires ;
 And will, (till universal judgement flames
 Extinguish hers) to all the kindlers shames,
 If not eternal burnings. Lord, we pray,
 Let *grace* those flames of *lust* in us allay,
 Man's hearts th' *Asbestos* : once (by lust) on fire,
 Its flames by nought, but (Gods lambs) blood expire.
 Lave ours therein, Lord, that they quench't may be ;
 And all the glory shall redound to thee.

An Epigram on the same.

Fondling ! what ? dote upon a *kiss* ? a *smile* ?
 A *glance* ? a *touch* ? and lose thy soul the while ?
 Can Lecheries short titillations please,
 More then *eternal death* can thee disease ?
 There's odds in *time* and *measure*, infinite,
 Betwixt thy *true disease* and *false delight*.
 Curb then thy loose affections ; ponder well :
 Cool thy Lust's flames with thought of flames of Hell,
 VWith

VVith those fierce flames would'st thou not be anoi'd
VVith them quench t'others ; and both flames avoi'd

Intemperancie : another branch of sin.

Room for the sink of filth ; the paunch of sin ;
Full stuff'd with garbage, that extends the skin,
And racks the entrails, makes the belly swell,
Like *Satans snap-sack*, plund'ed out of Hell ;
Or *Fortunes Cornucopia*, poured in,
Betwixt a *Gormandizers* nose and chin,
And running thence, into his boundless womb
(Of meat and drink the most unsated tomb :)
For they whom custom to that sin hath tide,
Send all that way ; whoever starve beside.
But Oh ! the gemmy countenance most bright,
Exceeds in lustre far the *Queen of night* :
VVith Diamonds and Rubies so beset,
As if it were great *Pluto's* Cabinet,
Or *Jewel-house* ; and that the Nose had been
A *tyring Room* for *Proserpine* his Queen,
VVith high-priz'd Pearls, inlayed in a Box,
Resembling symptomes of the *Lecher's Pox*.
Intemperancie in the creatures use,
Doth *God*, our *selves*, and *other men* abuse ;
Beside th'abused creatures ; who (though dumb)
VVill us accuse aloud, in time to come.
This *nice-mouth'd Dame* tempted our *grandame Eve*,
To the seducing *Serpent* ear to give ;
By which fond practice we depriv'd persever
Of the sweet fruits of *Paradise* for ever ;
Save that *eternal Paradise* to come,
Since purchast by our *Jesus*, for our home ;
VVhose fruits of glory, that do never waste,
Are too pure objects for a fleshly taste.

This sweet-lipp'd Minion almost quench'd the spark
 Of faith in the *Diluvian Patriarch* ;
 VWho scaping water-flood (by grace divine)
 Did hazard drowning in a flood of wine.
 This *sawce-mouth'd Fury* made the *Jews* despise
 Angelick *Manna* ; and the land not prize,
 VWhich was a type of *New Jerusalem*,
 Yet promised to undeserving them ;
 VWho Onions and Garlick rather crav'd,
 VWith *Egypt's* flesh-pots, where they were enslav'd :
 And which sad Kingdoms thraldom (they knew well)
 Prefigur'd typically that of Hell ;
 But sure, had they return'd (as they did wish)
 Their faith, their food, had been nor flesh, nor fish.
 She is amongst the sins of *Sodom* nam'd,
 VWhence fire sulphurous down from heaven flam'd :
 And pulverated, in a trice of time,
 The choicest Cities in that pleasant clime :
 Thence, chas'd by vengeance, fled she to a *Cave*,
 And tempted heedless *Lot* to play the knave
 VWith both his Daughters, so in lust to burn,
 As if those warnings could not serve his turn.
 This *longing quean* made cursed *Esau* sell
 Birthright and blessing, for red broth and hell.
 Thousands of *Philistins* she once did seize :
 And gave *Judge Sampson* his last writ of Ease.
 This *mal-companion* made the *Levite* play
 The *boon-companion*, by the hour, and day,
 So long at *Bethle'm-Judah*, that it cost
 Sixty five thousand souldiers lives (all lost)
 Of *Jacob's seed*, for this the ground we find,
 That him in *Gibeah* to lodge inclin'd ;
 Whence a whole tribe of babes and women fell,
 Sacrific'd to the sword ; yea some to Hell.
 She made the good old *Eli's sons* profane
 Their sacred Priesthood, by their rost-meat ta'n,

The

The fat not offred ; for which villany
 God ruin'd them, and their posterity.
 She made rich *Nabal* churlish to his friend,
 And his *Protector* ; which became his end ;
 And ended had all his, had not his wife
 Su'd out their pardon, and compos'd the strife.
 She wrought incestuous *Amnon's* drunken death ;
 Who drank so deep a draught, he lost his breath :
 For his revengeful brother chose that time,
 To punish that, and his fore-pass'd crime ;
 Whose *soul revenge*, vengeance divine repay'd,
 VVhen by his Feast at *Hebron* he had lay'd
 A plot of parricide : so *feasting cheer*
 Sent both the brothers, none but God knows where.
 Twas *David's* second sin, that him nigh sunk ;
 Who (*fresh himself*) was in *uriah* drunk,
 And (thirsty after) took the poor man's blood,
 VVho still to him had faithful been and good.
 She lost King *Ela's* Crown, and life ; whereby
Zimri destroy'd the royal family :
 And (though no *famed* singer) his shrill throat
 Did *above Ela sing* ; a *high-strain'd note*.
 When, at *Samaria's* siege, proud *Benbadad*
 Thirty two Kings, auxiliaries had ;
 Though a most slighted force did them oppose :
 The *Pot* his Kinglings, him and all o'erthrows.
 So serv'd the *Babylonish* *Baltazar*,
 Who thought himself another god of War :
 And the besiegers (though stout souldiers) slighted,
 Drank drunk the while in scorn, until affrighted
 With *Manuscript Divine*, he quak'd amain,
 And that same night was by the souldiers slain ;
 And *Babylon*, the glory of the world,
 Had her raz'd walls into *Euphrates* hurl'd.
 Nor can I think but *drink*, and drunken fellows
 (As well as *pride*) made *Haman* build those gallows,
 Whereco...

Whereon himself was hang'd : for I presume,
 Such *feasting*, and so much *strong drink* did fume
 Into his brains, and plots infus'd, whereby
 It ruin'd him, and his posterity.
 'Twas *meerly feasting, drink* and lust misl'd
 The *Tetrarch*, to cut off the *Baptist's* head ;
 Whom he before had lov'd (*at least for fashion*)
 One feast provok'd him to his *decollation*.
 Oh if I could but call up *Dives* here !
 Who day by day, did feast on royal chear :
 Whose paunch with most delicious *wine* did swell ;
 Yet begg'd a drop of *water* for't in *Hell* ;
 And beg it may, yet ne'er obtain the grace,
 To have that comfort in so sad a place :
 Sure he would howl, and roar, and rave, and cry,
 Against this sin, and would us terrifie
 With exclamations in dispraise of that,
 Which most in fact commend ; but pray for what ?
 Truly I know nor, saving to bring gains
 To *Vintners, Ale-wives, Drawers, Chamberlains* ;
 To *Tapsters, Brewers, Bakers, Butchers, Cooks*,
 And those (who when the plague reigns play the
 The *Sextons, Bearers, and the Pest-attenders* : (*Rooks*)
 And those (who are to *Physick's* art pretenders)
Doctors, Apothecaries, Mountebanks,
quack-salvers, Surgeons, and those of their ranks
 That live by our diseases : *Politicians*
 May sometimes gain thereby ; and poor *Musitians*,
Anglicè fiddlers, both which make a trade
 To undo any, so themselves be made.
Clomers and *Glass-men* likewise reap fair gain,
 When jugs and glasses are in battel slain :
 Yea *Scavengers*, get no small profit by it :
 And gold-finders, who semi-deifie it :
 'Tis their *Diana*, much sweet work it finds them,
 And oft of *Bacchus* and *Tabacco* minds them,

Without which they are not, nor can be well,
 Whilst here on earth, wharere they be in Hell;
Full paunch, full pate, and then all's well: for this
 Their *esse* and their *bene esse* is.

Oh how perverse is man! On whom the Lord
 Reason conferred hath; yea *his pure word*,
 That reason to illuminate, and shew
 What paths he follow should, and what eschew:
Precept on precept, for his rule of life,
 And yet the beasts to stray not half so rife,
 Who have but *naked sence* to be their guide:
 Behold, they in their Makers rules abide,
 (*According to their kind*) more strict then we;
 Which (if arightly scann'd) we soon may see;
 They have more *moderation* in the use
 Of creatures gustable, and less abuse
 Those gifts by far then man: for where one beast
 Doth stupifie its sence with *drink*; at least
 A hundred *men*, and *women* too, do so;
 Yea stupifie both *sence* and *reason* too:
 If hogs, or such more greedy creatures, hap
 Themselves by too much drinking to intrap,
 They'l mostly be more wary next; but we,
The oft'ner drunk, more eager drunk to be;
 And oft when drunkenness our *thirst* hath bred,
 We by that *thirst* to *drunkenness* are led:
 Strange piece of witchcraft! *reason* so to fool,
 To put her back again to *sence* to school:
 We work against our selves a kind of treason,
 When *sensuality* *overcometh* reason.
 Is reason (fighting fancy) foil'd by it?
 It shews our want of *grace*, more then of *wit*:
 For our *in-nate corruption wrought in us*
 Our *wills*, and *judgements* both preposterous,
 And opposite to Gods most holy will;
 Who never willeth any thing that's ill:

Nor can we will what's other, unless he
 Assistant to us by his *Spirit* be.
 O! who would think such waywardness should dwell
 In any Creature, that's on this side Hell?
 Lord, of a truth that place for us is fit,
 Did not thy boundless mercy hinder it.
 Proceed, O God, so to prevent it still;
 And frame us hearts according to thy will,
Most holy, pure, and clean, void of pollution
Of flesh or spirit, hating prostitution
 Of us unto our wills impure, wild passions,
 Charming affections, brutish inclinations
 Unto excess and drunkenness, whereby
 We quite deface that prime Divinity
 Thy Image stamp upon our souls of old,
 And take the Devils impress, of whose fold
 We hereby do profess our selves, and go
 From our souls faithful shepherd to his foe.
 Whence come *Diseases, Fevers, Dropsies, Gouts,*
Consumptions and Catarrhs, yea *Pox* that mours
 The feathers of our *courtiers* *coxcombs* so
 That they wear *borrow'd* heads, lest they should show
 Their scalded crowns? *excess, and drink,* prepares
 Their minds and bodies for those torrid wares,
 Which they so dearly pay for, that oft times
 They a *bone-ague* get to plague their crimes.
excess, of sickness-breeders is the King:
 Most, if not all diseases, from her spring:
 Yet cures she none, *hunger and thirst* excepted;
 Which might by *temperance* be intercepted,
 With much more thrift to *soul* and *bodie* too,
 As well's *estate*: *excess* doth all undo.
Sardanapalus of great *Nimrod's* race;
 And *Helioabalus* (that glutton base)
 Feel this firm truth confirm'd: And many more
 Great Emperours, and Kings lie on this score

Doom'd to eternal hunger, thirst and pain ;
 Yea, *triple-crown'd earth-gods*, who erst did reign
 In *Babylon mysterious*, are (no doubt)
 Where they with their false Keys can ne'er get out.
Epicurism hath tainted *Peters Chair*,
 Most of all thrones on earth : *Romes* very air
 Doth stink of surfeits ; it therewith infected
 All *Christendom*, and made that vice neglected.
 But ah poor *England* ! thou hast since out-gone
 Thy giddy *Mistress*, and art past by none :
 Though *Dutch* and *Dane* go far : it's all our shame,
 To be Deform'd in Deed, Reform'd in Name :
Reformed Churches Reformation need,
 In *Manners* more then *Doctrine*, if we heed
 How universally this sin doth reign
 'Mongst us ; more rare in *France*, abhor'd in *Spain*.
 The *Germans* bought *Excess* at famines rate,
 Speedy ensuing : Lord, prevent that fate
 From scourging ours ; and win our hearts with love,
 Off from the creatures, to the things above :
 Spiritualize our appetites, and then
 Feed us the fullest of all mortal men.
 Indeed, Lord, so thou dost provide us store,
 So great as never Nation had before,
 But we thy *Manna* loath, as did of old
 Thy people *Israel* : our stomachs cold
 Are squeazy grown, and turn the *bread of life*
 To noysome humours ; faction, schism, and strife :
 Yea, heresies are bred and foster'd by
 Thy means ordain'd for Truth and Unity.
 Fulness hath wantoniz'd our appetites ;
 That one in this, t'other in that delights ;
 A third, in none knows what : Yea, oft the Cook
 Makes bad meat lik'd : the Authors unread Book,
 The Preachers Doctrine, took on trust are priz'd :
 Most men affect what's vented or devis'd

By those of their *own faction*, howe'er bad :
 Some all for *old*, some for the *new* stuff mad :
 That many *preachers* cook-like strain their wit
 For ev'ry *coxcombs* palate sawce to fit ;
 Whilst some like *all*, some none ; yet all are right
 In their own fancies : *darkness so is light*.
 Ah, sharpen *Lord* our souls weak stomachs more
 To *truth* and *unity* then heretofore :
 Evacuate those humours gross ; afford
 Us true digestion of thy sacred word ;
 That may pure nutriment abroad diffuse
 Into our *Churches* bodie, grown profuse ;
 Not only stain'd with *fleshy drunkenness*,
 And *surfeiting*, but with *soul-giddiness*,
 And *Spirit'al intoxication* :
 Glutted with food of life. *Ah stupid Nation !*
 That none but you should strength of wit devote,
Poison to suck out of your *Antidote* ;
 To make your cordial suffocate your life ;
 The curing word of *peace*, breed killing *strife* :
 This *drunkenness of spirit* far exceeds,
 In its malignity, that which proceeds
 From *drinks inebriation* : that makes men
 Degradate themselves to beasts ; and this agen
 Promotes them (*with the mischief*) to be *Devils* ;
 Both are inflaming, fuming, flatuous evils :
Porti-fer's spirit giddifies the first,
 The last the spirit of *Lucifer* accurst.
Lord, sheild us from them both, but most of all
 From that most mortal, which is *Sp'ritual*
 Inse, *Lord*, our Nations from that beastial sin
 Of bodily excess, we wallow in :
 That we thy blessings temporal may use
 With *temperance*, and never more abuse
 Our peerless plenty : Ah ! But rinse us too
 From *drunkenness of soul* ; which will undo

Both Church and State, unless thy grace prevent ;
 Impow'r us, Lord, of both so to repent,
 And both so to renounce henceforth, that we
 From thy impending Judgements freed may be.

An Epigram on the same.

WHat ? Man turn'd Beast ? is Reason grown a yoke ?
 Tirefome ? that thou it sell'st for drink and smoke ?
 Are *Health*, and *Knowledge*, contemptible both ?
 That thou prefer'st to them *Excesse* and *Sloth* ?
 Is grace thy scorn ? thy body and thy soul
 Neither worth saving ? Then continue foul.
 And so foul beast farewell. Soft, here's another :
 Both have one Father, but not both one Mother :
 Satan gets one of *Flesh*, t'other of *Spirit* ;
 The last's his darling (though both shall inherit
 His dismal Kingdom) he doth her affect,
 As his choice sieve to sift the Lords Elect :
 She best resembles him, though both are evil ;
 The first's a *Beast*, the last's a perfect *Devil*.

Presumption : one of sins tops.

MAKE room for *Rome's* great *Sou'raign* ; who hath won
 The *triple-crown* e'er since 'twas made : whose hon
 Pushes at Stars, and shakes the Host of Heaven,
 (At least those seeming so :) whose hand hath given
 More fatal wounds to self-deluding souls,
 Then there are *Stars* betwixt the worlds two Poles.
Presumption's Highness, who loves room so well,
 She takes up most part of the room in Hell
 For her attendants, whom she rocks asleep
 With songs of heav'n, till they approach that deep
 And vast Abyss, whence none was ever freed :
Such dangers from security proceed.

Presumption flatters mankind to damnation,
 With false Plerophory of their salvation:
 And so they run, relying on dead faith,
 Hand over head, unto eternal death.
Perfidious Traytor ! thou hast Myriads slain,
 Who deem'd their state secure, till in that pain
 That hath nor ease, nor end, they plagued were,
 And saw that thy seducements brought them there.
 Thou hadst a hand in *Mans* and *Angels* falls:
 Thou didst of old first found proud *Babe*'s walls;
 Which brought on *Adams* progeny confusion,
 And (probably) was cause of the effusion
 Of all the blood that hath in war been spilt
 In all the ages since: (O horrid guilt!)
 For change of tongues to change of hearts inclin'd;
 Had they *one Tongue* kept, so they might *one Mind*.
 She martial'd *Egypt's* people and their King,
 Themselves away in the *Red Sea* to fling:
 Who (having tri'd Gods wonders oft before)
 Would (madly) needs provoke him to one more;
 VVhereby sad extirpation them besel,
 Whose souls the sea did waft from earth to hell.
 She ston'd the great *Goliath*, whilst he braves;
 And makes the *Philistins* to *Isr'el* slaves.
 Most likely 'tis, the wisest *Solomon*
 VVas train'd to sin by foul *Presumption*,
 As well as by strange women: for a man
 Of his great knowledge and experience, can
 Hardly great sin commit, or grace withstand,
 Unless *Presumption* have therein a hand:
 Next, his son *Rehoboam* ten Tribes lost,
 By this proud Dames provoking him to boast.
 Vaunting *Sennacherib*, th' *Affyrian* King,
 Play'd blasphemies upon thy untun'd string,
 To humble *Hezekiah*'s loathing ears,
 Till he retreated, fill'd with shame, and fears:

When sudden vengeance from his camp had call'd
 A hundred fourscore and five thousand, fall'n :
 And afterwards (to his eternal pain)
 In *Idol-worship*, by his sons was slain.
 The greater *Nebucadnezzar* presumes
 To make new gods : the old gods right assumes
 Unto himself : boasting great *Babylon*
 Built by his wit and pow'r : mad thereupon,
 Is forthwith doom'd among the *beasts* to live,
 Till he do honour to *Jehovah* give.
 The young man in the gospel, whom Christ lov'd,
 Thought he had done, whatever him behov'd,
 Fulfil'd Gods Laws : yet was his case most foul,
 Who lov'd his riches better then his soul.
 The bragging Pharisee conceiv'd no less
 Of his proud self : yea, did so much express ;
 Yet his hypocrisie so great we see,
 The Publican was judg'd more just then he.
 Presumption magnifies our merits in
 Our own blear'd eyes, and puffs up self within :
 Begets low thoughts of others, who exceed
 Us in sincerity : it (*ere we heed*)
 Breeds blind opinion of our happy state,
 Till she hath brought us home to *Hell's* black gate ;
 Then we discover (what we thought not on)
 Our *high-priz'd faith*, but false presumption :
 And oh ! what horror will it cause, to see
 (Too late) in what a sad estate we be ?
 She charms and stupifies our senses so,
 That in what case we are, we scarcely know,
 Till we withal know, that inevitable
 Our danger is, and irremediable.
 She us inveigles (as she did of old
Laodicea's Church, nor hot, nor cold,
 Of lukewarm temper) senselessly to vaunt
 Of riches, goods increase, and nothings want ;

While

Whilst she was wretched, miserable, poor,
 Naked and blind; though he knock'd at the door
 Well nigh prepar'd to spue her out his mouth,
 Who no such temper in his Bride allow'd.
 This is *Goliath's* ghost: sent forth by him,
 Who is *Hell's Prince*, the *Sp'ritual Philistin*:
 He by presumption dares God's sacred hoast;
 Who of her great atchievements well may boast:
 By whom bright *Stars* have fall'n, and falling be:
 (*Stars* in our eyes, though not in God's decree;)
 For *Comets* greater seem to judgment's rude,
 Then *fixed Stars* of vaster magnitude.
 Presumption's potions soporiferous,
 A sad *soul-apoplexy* cause in us;
 Which, whilst we think we draw securest breath,
 Lulls us asleep into eternal death: (dy,
 She makes *Hell's flames*, which neer shall quench or
 The first dark light we see our errors by.
 Accurst deluder! thou dost never cease,
 With *Syren's songs*, and *lullabies* of peace,
 With promises of blisses sweet fruition,
 To train men unawares into perdition:
 Thou draw'st a curtain 'twixt us and the face
 Of *divine Justice*; that we may not place
 Our eyes on her, lest she should scare from sin,
 Or make us question what way we are in:
 Thou unvail'st *Mercie's* picture, falsely painted,
 With shameless sinners round about besainted;
 Therein profan'st her nature and her name:
 She saves but sinners who of sin take shame.
 With many more such cheats to sin thou win'st;
Crocodiles tears sometimes perhaps thou win'st:
 For commonly, on *false repentance*, follow
Presumption's counterfeit of faith; which hollow
 The whole *work* of poor man's conversion;
 And cause from God's wayes more aversion,

Dear Lord! How subtle is this foe of ours?
 VVe cannot her oppose without thy powers,
 And fresh supplies: sincere *humility*
 Is the chief *Engineer*, that can descry
 Her plots, and storm her works: a *faith* well grounded,
 The *Cannon shot*, whereby she is confounded.
 Lord, grant us both, and then full safe are we;
 And from presumptuous sin, Lord keep us free.

An Epigram on the same.

INchaunting *Circe*! sure thy flights are odd:
 Thou *Angels Devils* mad'st, the *Pope* a god:
 Them thou didst fool with hopes they *gods* should be:
 Him thou mad'st *god*, a *Devil* most men see.
 I question which was greatest of the evils,
 Thy making him a God, or else them Devils?
 It matters not for pres.nt: we shall see,
 VVhen both thy *gods* and *Devils* together be.

Desperation: sins other top.

HELL upon earth! thy ghastly look affrights,
 Beyond the visage of infernal sights:
 It strikes more terrour in a wounded soul,
 Than all *Hells Devils* can: Thou dost controll
Faith, hope, and charity, at once in us:
 Thou wound'st; and kill'st them all; and dost win us
Self-condemnation, still to harp upon;
 As if our sins could heavens God unthroned;
 Transcend his *mercies*, or surpass his *grace*;
 Or we could do, what he cannot deface.
 Thou whisper'st horrid *treason* in the ears
 Of our disturbed souls; distract'st with *fears*
 Of a defect of *mercy* in that God,
 In whom defect can never have abode;

VVho

VWho is all *mercy*, although infinite,
 And makes sweet mercies works, his chief delight.
 Thou sow'st our sweetest joys ; foul'st our most fair,
 And spondent hopes : thy breath's invenom'd air
 Blasts worse then lightning : thy lowd voices thunder
 Out-roars those cracks that rend the clouds asunder.
 This grim-fac'd fury is Hells *Charioteer*,
 Who drives on headlong, souls that once draw neer ;
 She force most violent upon them layth,
 When they have true *remorse*, and want but *faith*,
 In order to salvation. She extends
 Sin's too vast body, to destructive ends.
 She maimes *faith's hands*, and puts out both her eyes :
 She makes us fondly profer'd grace despise.
 She lies in ambush, in the darkeſt nook
 Of light's bleſt path ; and oft hath ſliely took
 Dejected ſouls at *penitence lane-end*,
 Preparing to lay hold upon their friend,
 The *Lord of life* by *faith* : when they are tir'd
 With trotting ſins rough ring, and deeply mir'd
 In their own filth, ſhe whips and ſpurs them on
 Into the boundleſs deeps : who (left alone)
 Might ſue forth pardon ; and the grace obtain
 Of being by *faith's hand* reliev'd again :
 And ſo her wiles deſerted ſouls do win,
 To turn *ſin-sorrow's* ſacred ſelf to *ſin*.
 She ruin'd *earth's great Heir* apparent, Cain,
 When he had juſter *Abel* baſely ſlain :
 She barr'd him this worlds joy ; and (oh ſad doom)
 Depriv'd him of the joys of that to come.
 She ſoyl'd the *faithful Abrahams Heir's* firſt born ;
 VWho loſt a double *birth-right* for a ſcorn :
 Yea loſt his *bleſſing* too ; though (grown more wiſe) ;
 In vain he ſought it with diſtilling eyes.
 She wrought upon the *Iſra'ites* firſt King,
 VVitch-craft to uſe, after abandoning

That

That direful art : and then provok'd him further,
 VVith his own hands his loathed self to murther.
 She forc't the traytor *Judas*, who had sold
 His Master, (*the great Shepherd of God's fold*)
 To hang himself, his conscience to ap, ease ;
 To haste from *Earth*, to seek in *Hell* for ease :
 VVhere if he found it, none was found before :
 Nor found shall be thenceforth for evermore.
 After his sad revolt from sacred truth,
 Mark but how eagerly this Fiend pursu'th
 Apostate *Julian* ; who despairing, cry'd,
Vicisti Galilae ; and so dy'd.
 Great *Bajazet*, the Turkish Emperour,
 Brain'd his proud self, incensed by thy pow'r.
 And our third *Richard*, *Englands* quondam King
 (By usurpation) wilfully did fling
 Himself away at *Bosworth* : twice o'ercome,
 By foes in field, and by despair at home.
 But what need I historick Cinders rake,
 Examples to produce ? whereas they spake
 But sparingly of mens despair for sin ;
 One well known modern pattern sure had been
 Proof strong enough of *desperation's* force,
 Poor *Francis Spira* (man ne'er heard a worse :)
 VVho (by seducing wiles of Antichrist)
 Was drawn t'apostatize from real Christ ;
 Whenceforth he ne'er felt comfort more on earth,
 But had a Hell within him ; curst his birth,
 Roar'd, howl'd, and cry'd, and dy'd in deep despair ;
 Although he had good men's advice and prayer.
Despair's a Polititian ; whose black Art,
 Makes man upon himself act *Satans* part ;
 Accuse, condemn, torment, repel free grace,
 Refuse to give his proffer'd pardon place ;
 Tempt to the highest sin : and then to tell
 His sadden'd soul, *No place for thee but Hell* :

And

And so when man the Devils work hath done;
 He payes him wages, who desired none.
 The Poets *Momus* she out-strips in spight,
 VWho hated others for his own delight:
 She hates both *God* and *Man*, *Angels*, and *Devil*,
 And her self too: yea all, both good and evil,
 Save her *despairing humour*, which alone
 She cherishes, and strives to dote upon;
 And (to her everlasting torment) feeds
 The *gnawing worm*, that in her *conscience* breeds:
 She's sick to death, yet will no cordial take;
 Casts off all *physick*, which her pains might slake:
 Her *wound* is deep, and cure she doth desire,
 Yet throws her *plaisters* all into the fire.
 A spirit frenzied within her raigns;
 She *ease* desires, yet needs will keep her *pains*.
Merciful Lord, defend us from afflictions,
 VWherein are manifest such contradictions:
 Assist us with thy *grace* to persevere
 Unto the end; and then we need not fear
 O'erwhelming in this *deep abyss*, wherein
 So many heav'n-bound vessels sunk have been.
 Strengthen our faith: against *despair* uphold
 Our feeble *souls*; and bring them to thy fold.

An Epigram on despair.

Despair avaunt; eternal death attends
 Thy very touch; *Hell's* at thy fingers ends.
 The *Cockatrices* optick poyson's weak,
Asps tickle venom slight, to thine: thoult break
Hearts all in shivers by a single thought:
 Yea, murder souls too: though most dearly bought
 By *God-man's blood*; thou mak'st men spill the price,
 And slight their *mercies*, by thy rash advice.

Lord,

Lord, grant a better *Counsellor* to me ;
For sure such *Counsellor* deserves no *Fee*.

On Presumption and Despair.

OLD Poets all mistake, who all agree
In one to make the fatal *Sifters* three :
It's one too many, for but *two* they are ;
But *two* more fatal then their *three*, by far.
Daring Presumption (that her cheats may pass)
Puts *Mercy* in a multiplying-glass,
So magnifies her past proportion'd measure :
Makes her a Patroness for lust and pleasure.
Whilst *Cowardly Despair* (to dim her worth)
Peeps through a *Perspective*, whose wrong ends forth ;
Which less'ning glass, when *mercies* through it view'd,
Semi-annihilates her magnitude.
They oft change glasses ; and *Despair* puts sin
Into *Presumptions* glass : whilst she again
Views *Justice* through *Despairs* false *Perspective* :
Which makes them both erroneous judgement give.
A cure for both I'll briefly thus devise :
Let both their glasses break, and trust their eyes :
Presumption, stoop to *Pœnitence* ; *Despair*,
Arise to *Faith* ; 'twill make their ways both fair :
So shall *Despair* true *Pœnitence* become :
Presumption saving *Faith* to bring us home.
For one is still too low, & other too high :
Neither will let us unto God draw nigh.

Repentance.

DROP on, sweet *lynbeck-eyes*, till you distil
Those high-priz'd waters, that Gods bottle fill.
Drop, spare not : this the richest water is
That *Earth* affords ; and *Heav'n* hath none of this,

Save in *Gods handkerchief*, those tears *Wip'd off*
 Their glorified cheeks, whom earth did *loft* ;
Water of life it is, if truly made.
 Oh that the avaricious world would trade
 For this rich ware ! one drop whereof out-vies
East, and West-Indies (bought at highest price)
 In its true worth ; add to it (for 'twill need)
 As much faith as a grain of mustard-seed :
 This composition valu'd is most high,
 In the esteem of *Jove's* great majesty ; (sands,
 'Tis worth more worlds than heav'n hath stars, shoar
 Sea drops, or single blades of grass earth's lands.
 Stream on, pure fountains ; with your hyssop water,
 Your nitred springs, my sin-stain'd soul bespatter ;
 Sope-lave it in your pearly rills, that fall
 From sorrow's source : but still have care to call
 For *Lamb's blood* intermixt by faith, which brings
 True vertue to your mundifying springs :
 It cleanseth all the stains in nature left ;
 And those we added since *our Parents* theft.
 Blow on, serenest sighing wind, and calm
 My storm'd conscience ; and abate the qualm
 That seiz'd th' my wounded spirit : clear the air :
 Dispel the clouds with gusts of *zealous pray'r*,
 Which force ope *heaven*, and commit a rape
 Upon th' Almighty's ears : we shall escape,
 How fierce soever our assault be made.
 Thou art the wind drives all who heav'nward trade :
 By thee they must un-anchor, and set forth ;
 Or else their voyage will be little worth.
 Fill up our sails ; for we shall finde rich ware,
 That hidden lies beyond the *fixed sphere* :
 Yet blow as faith may steer aright : know well,
 Who sayl by *heav'n*, pass neer the gates of *Hell* :
 Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* we must pass ;
 Presumption and despair : and these (alafs)

Are

Are full of danger : one's a *floating Rock* ;
 T'others a *gulf shifting* (like weather-cock)
Its place with each new wind : On ; if we stay,
 They'l both most surely cross us in the way ;
 And for the most part, he that one doth fly,
 Is shipwrack'd on the other instantly.

Whiff not with boystrous blasts into the deep ;
 Let thy gales us in fathom'd shallows keep :
 Blow well to *Leeward* : though a Rock appear ,
 'Tis *Christ the Cape of our good Hope* ; no fear :
 For never vessel which that Rock did miss,
 Arrived at the wished Port of blifs.

Nay, more ; unless that Rock we hang upon,
 Our vessel's split ; and we are all undone :
 Oh, see where it appeareth ; yond' before :
 Haste on ; I'm sea-sick, put me there ashoar :

The *floating Rock*, and *shifting gulf* I see
 Approaching neer : they both in kenning be.
 Blow strong ; bear in : on that Rock run aground :
 Strike sail : cast *Anchor*, for our Port is found :
 If that firm Rock do make the *Anchor* bend,
Hope's Anchor steel with faith at either end,
 She with one finger (if we *Anchors* want)

more

Can more us on a Rock of *Adamant* :
 Such is the Rock, on which we must depend ,
 That thee (my soul) from shipwrack must defend :
 An *Adamantine Rock*, whose vertue lay' th
Magnetick force, on all that's steel'd by faith.

desire

Help sighs (sad heart ;), my *desire* eyes help tears ;
 Such wind and water, souls on this Rock bears :
 To steel *Hope* well with stedfast faith endeavour ;
 Then shall we *Anchor* on it safe for ever.

Epigram

Epigram on Repentance.

BLow wind; drop rain; *Repentance* much endears
 Our souls to God: such musick charms his ears:
 Let *faith* hold fast, and then full safe are we:
 These sisters are, and must not parted be,
 Both of one birth: most strange intertwined twins!
 Where the first ends, mostly the last begins;
 Which should be elder, great Divines do doubt:
 But we'll not sift such needless scruples out.
 God grant us both in *truth* of soul and mind;
 And which is first, we need not pry to find.

Faith.

Strongest of creatures! whose eternal Base
 Is firmer fix'd then earth's foundation was:
 Whose everlasting force none can withstand:
 Surviving change in Heav'n, Hell, Sea and Land.
 By thee the Elders good report did take:
 Thou teachest us Gods word the world did make:
 By *faith* meek Abel off' red sacrifice
 More excellent, and pleasing in God's eyes
 Then Cain's, his elder brother. Enoch's *faith*
 caus'd his translation, that he saw not death:
 By *faith* did Noah (warn'd) the Ark prepare,
 wherein he and his household saved were.
 By *faith* the faithful's father Ur forsook,
 And to an unknown place himself betook:
 By *faith* he and his seed did sojourn there;
 In a strange land their Tabernacles were:
 By *faith* old Sarah Issue did receive,
 And quite past age had strength seed to conceive:
 By *faith* tri'd Abram, Isaac offered,
 accounting God could raise him from the dead:

E

That

That Isaac blessed his two sons hereby :
 And Jacob Joseph's sons, when he did die.
 By faith departing Joseph mention made
 That Isr'el out of Ægypt should evade.
 By faith was new-born Moses three months hid ;
 And when he came to yeers, refuse he did
 The Title of King Pharaos daughter's son ;
 And rather chose to bear affliction
 With God's poor Israel, then (for a season)
 Sin's pleasure to enjoy ; faith was his reason :
 Hereby he Ægypt left, Passover kept,
 And sprinkling blood, lest he should them have swept,
 who the first-born destroy'd : By this they past
 Through Red-Sea dry-shod ; while th' Ægyptian Host
 The like assaying, were o'erwhelmed all.
 By Faith the walls of Jericho did fall ;
 And Rahab saved was. But should I tell
 Of Gideon, Barak, Sampson, Samuel,
 Jephta, and David ; of the Prophets all,
 whom faith to do, or suffer forth did call :
 whose faith wrought righteousness ; Kingdoms subdu'd,
 Obtained promises ; and stop'd the rude
 And savage Lyons mouths ; and quencht fierce fire ;
 Escap'd the sword ; made weaknes to aspire
 To be most strong ; wax'd valiant in fight,
 And turned Aliens Armies all to flight :
 How women have their dead reviv'd receiv'd ;
 And others tortur'd, would not be believ'd ;
 With the unnumbered wonders faith hath wrought,
 Unparallel'd, and passing humane thought :
 Time would me fail ; for no tongue can express
 Faith's famous miracles (were they much less)
 Whose all-subduing pow'r none can resist :
 She makes th' Almighty God do what she list :
 For if faith as a grain of mustard-seed,
 Can Mountains move (as in truth's word we read)

None can imagine any thing is hard
 To a firm faith from sinful doubt debarr'd.
Faith is the *clew*, that (in earth's pilgrimage)
 Convey's the *Lord's* elected heritage
 Through the world's *labyrinth*, and brings them home
 Unto the King of glorie's presence-room.
 She is the soul's *perspective glasse*, whereby
 She spies what friends or foes in kenning lye :
 It *Pirates* cross us, or we victuals want,
Faith's both our *ammunition*, and *provant* :
 She is the *winde* that drives : the *needle*, *card*,
 And *Pilot* that directs : she is our guard ;
 Nay, she's our *Sun* by day, our *Moon* by night,
 Our *Star* that brings us to our *Saviours* sight ;
 Next whom, she's *all in all*, to those that sail
 For *Bliss-port* ; and without her, all must fail.

Epigram on Faith.

MY soul, thou'rt bliss-ward bound : make *faith* thy
 Eternal bliss is at her *fingers end* ; (friend,
 He that the same bestows, is in her eye,
 Who'll cease to be, as soon as her deny.
 Stupendious wonder ! *God* should stoop so low,
 As to be creature-rul'd ! yet I will show
 True reason for't : and (briefly) that is this :
 It is his will, whose will true reason is.

Hope.

Firm Anchor of our souls ! that moar'st them fast
 Unto the *sacred Rock* ; when thou art cast,
 On what side ere thou fall'st thou hold fast tak'st,
 And in that *adamant* impression mak'st :
 When our *weak faith's* Sun-beams eclipsed are,
 We sail by thee alone, our *only Star* ;
 In those dark obfuscations, which sometimes
 Becloud the best, at sight of their high crimes :

Which interpose a foggie mist between
 Our *faith's* dim'd eyes, and *Christ* : and like a screen,
 Repel the *light* and *heat* that should proceed
 From his *bright Rayes* unto our *souls* in need :
 Then thou our *Pilot* ready art at hand,
 When we are to'st'd in deeps, to drive to land.
 Thou art the *Master's Mate* (though *faith* be chief)
 And in her absent actings yeeld'st relief ;
 When she's asleep, or else unactive-grown ;
 And we upon the quick-sands well-nigh thrown ;
 Thou bring'st assistance, with thy *gentle gale*,
 That we a while may with a *by-wind* sail ;
 Till *faith* do re-enliven, and recover,
 Until her soporifrous fit be over,
 When she awakes, and wash'th her spethom'd eyes
 In *Penitences laver*, thou dost rise,
 And succour her enfeebled arm and hand,
 Depriv'd of their late holdfast : thou dost stand,
 And her support ; who (if thou wert not nigh)
 Would languish in those fainting fits, and die.
 VVhen *Faith* is mir'd in pudly sink of sin,
 And tired quite, thou wad'st through thick and thin,
 To draw her out : rub'st her benumbed limbs,
 Till by regain'd agility she climbs,
 And tow'rs aloft, and tramples down her foes ;
 And conquers all the pow'rs that her oppose.
 In sad *desertions*, when the *wounded soul*
 Studie's by art to make her *fair parts foul*,
Hope gently wipes her *spots*, and rins'th her eyes,
 That she may clearer view the mysteries
 Of love Divine ; and not despair to cry
 For *mercy*, which she else would do, and die.
Hope in our souls a kind of being gains,
 Ere saving *Faith* can act ; and this restrains
 New *Faith* from failing ; whence she term'd may be,
 Her elder grace, without absurdity :

And though *Plerophory* (which some attain)
 seem hope needles to make, when that they gain;
 he's needful still, and fades not till *fruition*
 Of what is hoped; then shall blessed *vision*
 Withal determine *faith*, when she shall see
 What she believ'd, and thence both useles be;
 When doubts and fears which here them both an-
 shall be discuss'd and quell'd by bliss enjoy'd; (noy'd
 in's *sting* envenom'd quite extracted be:
 And death be swallow'd up in *victory*;
 Then necessary uselesness attends
 them both, when they have both attain'd their ends.
faith, *Hope*, and *Charity*, may well be call'd
Christian's tria Omnia, and install'd,
 the Princesses of other gifts, and *graces*
 and, in *Christ's Church*, rightly supply the places
 of *Sulphur*, *Salt* and *Mercury*, allotted
 in nature's Schools, by those whom Art besotted:
 the three chief corner-stones in *Sion's wall*;
 remove but these, and you will ruine all:
 sea, rob a man of *hope*, *faith* soon will die;
 and so will everlasting *Charity*,
hope surcease, soon by degrees expire;
hope of all the three keep in the fire:
 he gains them life and heat, and them inflames
 with *Zeal Divine*: the surging waves she tames
 which in the storms of *passions*, or *affections*,
Spir'tual or *temporal afflictions*,
 and *perturbations*, them would overwhelm,
 and she not steer their course, and sit at *Helm*.
Sacred hope! steer on our course aright,
 through this dark *vale of tears*, in darkest night,
 whilst *faith* is hood-winkt, *Charity* inchill'd,
 other *graces* dead, thou only skill'd
 give *sight*, *heat*, and *life* unto them all;
 up (*hope*) at need, (*dear God*) or else we fall:

Who dying, we shall live, thy face to see,
And to enjoy and be enjoy'd by thee.

Epigram on Hope.

WEAK faith's chief crutch; deserted soul's sole prop;
Charities warming-pan; all this is Hope:
Fear's Antidote, the Proto-pharmacon
Of grim *despair*; or else sure there is none;
Doubt's prime *discusser*; who doth her arraign
At *mercies*' bar, where she by *faith* is slain.
Hope's Jacob's ladder, which doth pierce the Sky,
Whereby enfeebled *faith* may mount on high,
Strength to renew, and act more lively on
In order to the souls salvation:
She is the constant'st *grace* that can be nam'd
To stead us here, and never makes *asham'd*.

Charity.

SWEET cement of the Bridegroom's sweetest Bride,
Whereby her distant parts are unifi'd:
Strong *Ligament of love*, that linkest fast
Her dislocated joynt's! thy very tast
Is full of *Heav'n*: and thy corruscant face
Transcends the *Cherubims*; and ev'ry *grace*
(However good and great) is without thee.
Like a *dead corpse*, whose limbs unsouled be.
Miracle-working faith is void and vain,
Unless the soul thee likewise entertain;
And *God-compelling prayer's* an empty blast,
Where thou art absent, and shall oft be cast.
When thou unit'st, no distance earth affords,
That can divide their hearts that are the Lords.
Thou joyn'st the members *militant of Christ*
All in one bodie, and so joyned, ty'st

Them in firm union with the rest above
 Who are *triumphant* : so that all by *love*
 Joy the same joy, *think* the same *thoughts*, and *pray*
 The self same *pray'rs* in heart : both we and they
 In *Spirit* now are one ; and so shall we
 One *bodie mystical* hereafter be :
 Though now this *flesh* polluted taint our *pray'rs*,
 Our *thoughts*, and *joys* ; whence ours come short of
 In *actual perfection* ; soul-desire (theirs
 Wing's our *Intentionalls* as high to spire
 As theirs inthron'd : though we imprison'd lye,
 And unreleasable until we die.
 But then, eternal *love* shall work alone,
 When Hopes fruition and faith's vision
 Shall them determine in *immortal glory*,
 And they be needles, as these transitory,
 Unsatisfying, sublunary joys
 We dotè on here, (*the quintessence of toys*.) *toyes*
 Divinest *love* was privie counsellor
 When God *elected* us : and she past o'er
 His six days labour with delight, when he
 Created us, and what for us *should* be. *should*
 All these *loves* wonders pass our admiration :
 But oh ! when we relapst, our renovation
 By a *redeeming Jesus*, makes us see
 Much more then *love*, if more then *love* can be :
 Yet sure 'twas *love* alone procur'd that bliss ;
 But such a *love* as neer was *love* like this.
Love is the *glew*, that hold's so long together
Heav'n's goodly frame, and all that is beneath her :
 For (did not she prevent it) our least *sin*
 Would ruine us, the world, and all therein ;
 And tumble all the creatures down pell-mell
 Into the lowest, worst of creatures, *Hell*.
 Ah sacred *Charity* ! what tongue can raise
 A Trophy fitting thy deserved praise ?

The *Cherubims* and *Seraphims*, that be
 Most glorious creatures, stand amaz'd at thee ;
 Thy lustre dazles them : their pure eyes fail,
 To view thy purer face without a veil :
 And none but *three in one*, and *one in three*,
 Hath pow'r with fixed eyes to look on thee :
 I'm sure thou blindst my *muse* ; for she is flown
 A flight beyond what common sense will own ;
 And now she's at her pitch, must re-decline
 To *Christians Charity*, from love divine.

Charity suffers long, and kind she is ;
She envies not, nor vaunts her self amiss :
She is not puffed up ; nor doth behave
Her self unseemly ; nor her own doth crave :
She is not soon provoked : thinks no ill ;
Nor in iniquity rejoyce she will,
But in the truth ; she beareth all things too ;
All things believes ; and her hopes all things woo.
And she all things endures ; she'l never fail,
When prophecies and tongues shall nought avail,
And knowledge quite shall vanish : for all these
Are but in part, and consequently cease,
When our perfection comes : but Charity
Remaines entire to all eternity.

This sacred writ records of her perfection ;
 A testimony that should win affection,
 As will as credit. Sure (were man not blind
 With pride, and envy, and too much inclin'd
 To base self-love) sheep of our shepherd's fold,
 Would never let their *Charity* grow cold
 As many do in this sad age ; who by
 A false-fir'd Zeal, extinguish *Charity*.
 Had we hearts to let *Charity* work in us,
 She from our *schismes* and *factions* so would win us,
 (Which now nigh prove what we have earst heard
Quot homines, sententiae tot, of old :) (told,

- As to *unanimate* both *Church* and *State* ;
 Which both are grown *inanimate* through *hate* ,
 And interchanged *jealousies*, that neither
 Can well endure, what's good for both or either :
 And God would soon foundations settle here
 Of that *blest*'d *government*, which shall appear
 Ere long in all *opposers* *spite* ; and last
 When all *Dominions* else shall down be cast :
 And shall in perfect *peace* all scepters sway
 In earth's vast round, and all shall it obey ;
 When *Jews* shall called be, (as *Scriptures* told)
 And with the *Gentiles* fulness make one fold ;
 And have one *faithful* *shepherd* o're them all,
Melchisedeck, whom we *Christ Jesus* call.
Lord, re-unite our hearts in *love*, that thou
 May'st perfect that great work, and all may bow
 Before thy throne, when thou in peace shalt reign
 Through *Heav'n* and *earth*, & through the *sea* & *main*.

Epigram on Charity.

SHall I by rules of convertibles pry
 Into a secret, and not soar too high ?
 If *God*, be *love* ; *love* , *God* : then *Charity*
 Is elder sister to *eternity* :
 Or rather mother ; as is plain to see,
 If one *Creator*, t'other *creature* be.
 These theo-critical conceits may enter
 Into thy thoughts (*my muse*) but do not venture
 To scan them far ; lest thou shouldst lose thereby
 The *god* of *love*, the *love* of *god*, and dy.
 Weak-winged fowls, when stormy winds do roar,
 Flutter below, dare not aloft to soar.
 Forbear poor flea to wade within the brim
 Of that *abyss*, where *elephants* must swim.

PATIENCE.

I.

Victorious Queen ! that foil'st all Potentates
 That dare assail thee :
 By thee prevail we ;
 When *Faith* and *Hope* are non-plus'd by cross fates,
 Thou can'st them both recover ;
 And keep us that we give not over ;
 Nor yeeld the day before the field be won :
 Wer't not for thee, poor Christians were undone.

2.

In persecution thou the *Cordial* art,
That our hearts easest,
And us releasest
From *passions*, that would else breed endless smart :
Thou mak'st our burthen lighter ;
Though thou disclaim'st to be a *fighter*,
No *Christian Champion* ever won the field,
Where thy tri'd valour forc'd not foes to yeeld.

3.

Our *God-man* general by thee o'ercame
Earth and Hell's crosses :
And salv'd our losses ;
Whose *Patience* unparallel'd became.

She was the *primest feather*
In his *triumphant plume* : And either
She in our Helmets must be worn ; or foes
Will win the day, and we the prize shall lose.

4.

She from the manger to the garden-choord
Our dearest Saviour :
Whose meek behaviour
Astonish'd men ; and his Condemner fear'd.

Getb-

Gethsemane, nigh tiring;
 VWith blood-sweat passion, fear inspiring:
 VWhen God and Man were both nigh at a loss,
 She chears to *Golgotha*, and climbs the *Cross*.

Epigram on Patience.

A *S Palm-tree* press'd, or *Plantine* trod, best grows;
 So *Patience*, by sufferings, foes o'erthrows.

To L I F E.

I.

L *ife!* thou dost flatter, and betray
 My heedless soul to *sin* to day,
 On thee presuming,
 And hopes assuming
 Of *penitence* hereafter:
 And so thou lead'st me *sheep-like* to the slaughter.

2.

Thou in thy warfare careless art,
 Though *Death* hath got Letters of Mart,
 Soon to surprize thee;
 VWhere-e'er he spies thee:
 A foe that will not trifle,
 But surely speed: and will thee shortly rifle.

3.

Why shouldst thou faithless to me be?
 'Tis to thy self as well as me:
 Cease then to flatter,
 And thy baits scatter,
 To hook my foolish *fancie*:
 For thy allurements work like *necromancie*.

4.
 'Tis a black Art, and dark thou hast,
 VWho danger vail'st till time is past
 Of it preventing,
 And mak'st repenting
 Late, unavailing to us;
 And by thy *Syren's songs* dost quite undo us.

5.
 VVe silly mortals quite mistake,
 VWhen thee for our chief friend we take :
 Death is more friendly,
 And deals more kindly,
 VWho summons us to heaven :
 VWhen thou would'st keep us here, of joy bereaven.

6.
 Nature on thee doth too much dote,
 VWhose humour 'tis to love by rote ;
 (VVhil'st *reason's* blinded,
 And *sense* most minded,)
 Our *souls* by thee are lulled
 Secure asleep ; and of *salvation* gulled.

T O D E A T H.

1.

D*E*ath, how do *sinners* thee abuse,
 VWho thee most grim to pourtray use ?
 They quite mistake thee,
 VWho uglie make thee :
 Thou to the *good* art comely ;
 Though *worldlings* deem thy presence course and
 (homely.)

2.

Thou art out *Moses*, who dost show
Our way from *Egypt*, here below :

To *Can'an's* glory.

Thou dost us hurry

From this *world's* dayly sorrows.

To *joyes eternal*, where to day wants morrows.

3.

It is thy *father* makes thee grim :

Thou lovely art, wert not for him.

He dwells within us,

And he doth win us

To hate thee without thy desert ;

Thy *Father's sin*, and thou his *wages* art.

4.

A *father* strange ; that hates his *child*,

And *wages* too (*you'd deem him wild*,

As we count wildness :)

For *death's* sweet mildness

Is shown still to the *holly* ;

Sin's their chief foe, and counts their goodness folly. j

5.

Death is God's *Hing* who calls away

His servants to receive their pay :

But to his *debtors*

And their abettors

His *under-Sheriff* cruel ;

Who them imprison, where flames ne'er want fuel.

6.

Death lays our *bodies* here asleep,

Whilst festivals our *souls* shall keep,

Till our exciting,

And re-uniting

In joys passing all beneath :

Ah fit me *Lord* for thee, and welcome *death*.

The

The Resurrection.

D*Read Lord ! what harmony my soul doth find
 In all the wondrous works by thee design'd,
 Or consummate ; past, present, or to come ?
 Oh ! how disorder bringeth order home !
 This days confusion sure will far surpass
 The Chaos that at the Creation was :
 And this days order will the perfect'st be
 That men or Angels ever yet did see.
 The sad confusion of thy Goat-berds train
 Exceeds all thoughts conceiv'd by mortals brain :
 And the sweet order of thy shepherds sheep
 Will Angels strike with admiration deep.
 What hurly-burly here, shall we descry
 'Mongst Nimrod's fell Tyrannick progeny ?
 How loath (this day) will their proud ashes be
 To re-unite ; when they thy Son shall see
 (Whose members they have persecuted here)
 In cloud-clad glory come ? what rueful cheer !
 What horreur and amazement will confound
 Their loathsome souls, when that last trump shall
 And they be summon'd forthwith to appear (sound,
 Before that Judge, whom they condemned here ?
 Pilate will wish his beard had washed been,
 When he his hands did wash, but for a screen
 To cover horrid murder : Wilful Jews,
 That roar'd out, Crucifie him, at this news,
 (Struck with astonishment) will surely wish
 They had been all born dumb, or mute as fish.
 But empty wishes nought avail them here :
 For (will they, will they) all men must appear
 At this last great Assize, and render in
 Compleat account of what hath acted been*

By them here in the flesh : and not alone
 Of *act's*, but of their *words*, and *thoughts* each one :
 According whereunto they shall their doom
 Receive, for all that endless time to come ;
 Save those for whom the Lamb was born and dy'd :
 Who shall by *faith*, not by deserts, be try'd :
 And (bathed in his blood) shall shine more bright,
 Then *Phœbus* doth when he gives purest light :
 These shall have all the *tears* wip'd off their eyes ;
 And be enthroned with the *deities*,
 With great *Tri-une Jehovah* ; they shall be
 The *Bridegroom's Bride* to all eternitie,
 And raig'n with him in bliss for evermore
 Who them redeemed hath, and pay'd their score.
 Lord, these do groan for this great day, and cry
 Come, come *Lord Jesus* : Oh come quickly ! hy !
 To set us free from sin, and from all those
 That persecute us, thine and our fierce foes.
 When shall we be avenged ? when wilt thou
 Ascend the throne, and make all mortals bow
 Before thy foot-stool ? when again restore
 All pow'r unto thy self for evermore ?
 Lord, re-assume it, for it is thy due :
 Thou hast it lent a while to *men*, 'tis true :
 But they *bad stewards* prove, and miss-employ
 Thy talents, and deserve not to enjoy
 Thy slighted favour. Lord, call in again
 That pow'r ; and let the *Lamb* for ever raig'n ;
 Then shall the *Church triumphant* sing his song
 With *Hallelujah's*, from the Angel-throng :
 For he alone is worthy to ascend
 The throne eternal ; whose rule shall not end ;
 Whose Kingdom and dominion ne'er shall cease :
 Who is the *Prince* of everlasting peace ;
 Who from beginning was ordain'd to die,
 That he his chosen flock might glorifie ;

To

To whom *all* glory be ascrib'd ; and then
Shall *Saints and Angels* cry *Amen* , *amen*.

The Epigram.

Judas, prepare thy bag ; thy day is come,
When for thy pains, thou shalt be payd full home.
But Oh ! thy mind is chang'd ; thou would'st *essoyn*
Thy self this *court*, rather then take this *Coin* : (it,
Though take it needs thou must , and when thou hast
•Twill last for ever ; for time cannot waste it,
Yet thou wilt finde, thy state had been more *thriving*,
Had'st thou refus'd those *thirty pieces* living.
This is a maxime (though of my own making)
Men grow not always truly rich by taking :
Misers, whom *love* of coin on earth o'er-sway'd,
Shall this day in their own *coin* be repay'd.
For *Sion's Lamb* when he ascends the throne,
Will prove himself a *debtor* unto none,
But will requite both *good* and *ill* that's done
By *all man's off-spring*, since the world begun.

A Soliloquie on the Resurrection.

CHeer up, my soul ; exalt thy head on high ;
For thy long-look'd *Redemption* draweth nigh :
Lo, thy sweet *Saviour* comes in glory bright,
This day to put an end to *day* and *night*,
Whence *times* alternate course away shall fly,
Issuing forth into *eternity*,
One everlasting day ; whose splendor clear
Will need no *Sun* to give us light, and chear :
Our *Sun* shall be the *Sun* of Righteousness,
Which never sets ; whose light no cloud makes less
In his coruscant glory : He shall shine
Into thine eyes (*my soul*) with *light* divine ;

And

And yet not *dazzle* them to hurt thereby ;
 They'l *dazled* be with sweet *satiety*,
 With joy and admiration to behold
Israels shepherd, with his flock and fold ;
 The great *Creator* ; thy *Redeemer* dear ;
 The sacred *Spirit* ; and the *Angels* clear ;
 Thy fellow-*Saints* and *Martyrs*, *Citizens*
 Of new *Jerusalem*, Heav'n's denizens :
 All cloth'd in robes more glorious then the *Sun*
 Ere was at Summers noon since time begun.
 Thine ears shall hear the *Alleluiahs* ring
 Through the great palace of th' Almighty King,
 And round the whole circumference of *Heaven*,
 And *Hav'n* of *Heav'ns* such ecchoes shall be given,
 Such quaint retortings, such redouble-ings,
 And such retakings, by the quire that sings
 The *Lamb's melodious song*, to whose sweet notes
 The four and twenty *Elders* tune their throates,
 And winde their *harpstrings* to the highest pin ;
 That ravishment of *sense*, and *soul* can win :
 The graver clashing of their *Crowns* of gold,
 Cast down before the *Throne*, will consort hold
 With their sweet *viols* tinckling treble tones ;
 Whose *Aromatick odours* will at once
 Perfume all *Heav'n*, and every nostril fill ;
 With most divine contentment ; sate the will,
 Stupifie *sense*, with *sense* of boundless blifs :
 (Yet not offend, but please the more for this,)
 O'recome all hearts, conquer all souls with joy
 And yet by this oppression not annoy :
 All which our blessed joys shall last for ever,
 Beginning always fresh, but ending never :
 VVhich perpetuity of joy augments
 The value of it beyond all extents.
 I prize a grain's-weight of this joy and glory
 Beyond the world's-weight of what's transitory.

Lord, what a thing is man ! a sinful worm :
 That thou shouldst him first *form* , then *salv*
 Elect, Create, Redeem and Justifie ; (*form* ?
 More, sanctifie ? Nay, yet more, glorifie ?
 And that *for ever* ! what a heap of *wonders*
 Hast thou done for us ? who on this well ponders,
 Should laugh the *world*, the *flesh* and *devil* to scorn
 And care for nothing, but to be *new-born*.
 Lord, grant us still a heedful care of this,
 Which sure the *one thing necessary* is :
 Whereof if thou us truly careful see,
 All other things shall added to us be. *Amen.*

To the World.

Merchant ! I see the *fair's* beginning,
 By thy swift hastening :
 Were thy *ware* lasting ,
 'Twere worth the seeking, worth the winning :
 But it's fading :
 And thy trading
 Doth all *Customers* deceive :
 Thy *fals-made* ware, thou warrant'st good ;
 Dost in exchange from man receive
Rich ware ; the price of *richest blood*.
 Whilst thus thou cheatest,
 The poorest *soul* thou gettest,
 Or e'er defeatest
 (Howe'er despised ;
 If truly prized)
 Transcends in worth *thy self* and *all thy brood*.
unpack, expose thy *ware* to view :
 Ile buy of thee, if it be *true* :
 (Alas) it's *false* ; though *fair* in shew ;
 I need none on't, save only *clothes*, and *food*.

Why vaunt'st thou of the *blast* cal'd *honour*?
That *bubble's* broken,
Whilst thou hast spoken.

True *wisdom* never fixt *eye* on her,
Much less a *heart*.

A *cheat* thou art;
And when man looks upon thy *ware*,
Thou with *false opticks* dost him blind:
Which makes what's seen to *shine* and *glare*,
But keep'st *obscure* the worst behind:

Thou shew'st thy *glory*,
That's but a *forged story*,
And *transitory*;

Keep'st man a *stranger*,
From *shame* and *danger*,
Till he misse that he sought, and both these find.

A *cheating Merchant*! why should we
Accept *false ware* profer'd by thee?
Grant *Lord* it rather stink to me;

To thy *ware* *frankles* be my heart inclin'd.

Next shew'st thy *Idols*, *wealth* and *treasure*;
Those *dei-fies*,

Wherein thou liest,
Boasting of what's beyond thy measure:

False deities
Man them soon spies:

Were they *divine*, they sure would fill
Mans *triangle*, which they ne'er could:
They leave our *beats* *unsated* still;
More *fear* than *joy* in *heapes* of *gold*,

With *care* acquired,
With *fear* kept, and admired.

When help's desired,
In day of trouble
They *danger* double,

And help thy *Foes* : so dear both bought and sold.
 Ah false *Idolater* ! who can
 Adore thy *Mammon* ? thy great *Pan* ?
 And leave him that redeemed man ?
 Grant me thy treasure, *Lord*, which grows not old.

Next thou bring'st forth thy changeling *Pleasure*,
 Whose various shapes
 Commit ev'n rapes

On souls betray'd by too much leasure :

This *Proteus*

Seduceth us

To trifle precious time away,

In that which *is not* ; when (alas !

Spent we in real things that day)

Our time too swift from us would pass.

These painted bables,

Sense-stupifying fables,

Bind strong as cables :

Work on the *fancie*,

Like *Necromancy*,

That man forgets for what he formed was.

Ah *Circe* ! cease thy cursed charms :

Thy *Syrens Songs* portend our harms.

Lord, take me into thy blest arms ;

Be thou to me 'gainst her a wall of brass.

An Epigram on the World.

Honour ? and *Treasure* ? what ! and *Pleasure* too ?

Who puts off all these, hath enough to do.

Base pedlar *World* ! thou'st shewn much *Ware* to day,

All false, like thee : pack up thy pipes : away.

Ano-

Another on the same,

THe world turn'd pedlar ? doubtless she will sell
 Much paltrie ware, although at price of Hell :
 Her smooth-tongu'd prentices can set a gloss,
 To make that seem pure gold, which is but dross.
 Nay, they have got a cheat that passeth all,
 To make men think her highest price is small.
 (*My soul*) shun thou this market ; go not forth,
 Where price is infinite beyond wares worth ;
 To buy short joy, for wo that ne'er shall end !
 The Lord thee from such Merchandise defend.

To self.

I.

MY neereſt friend, and yet my meeceſt foe ;
 Who mak'ſt me *two*, that elſe but *one* would be,
 And in that *one-neſs* happy, being ſo
One with my dread Creator : *ſelf* thou me
 Doſt from my *ſelf* divide, and both from God.
 Fond *ſelf* ! were I my *ſelf*, I could not bear
 Thy charming preſſures, and forbear the rod,
 To ſcourge thy folly. But I ſtill give ear
 To thy enticements, who allur'ſt my *soul*
 Clean paths to traverse, and to tread the foul.

2.

Thou foul'ſt my *paths*, thy *ſelf* ; yea, thou lay'ſt ſnare's
 In ev'ry foot-ſtep to intrap us both :
 Thy baits are ſpells, inchant us unawares ;
 Bewitch depraved nature ; and betroth
 Her to her mortal'ſt foe, her ruling ſin.
 Look I on *beauty*, Gods ſweet creature good,
 And uſeful ? thou forthwith convey'ſt *luſt* in
 To my frail heart : thou ſet'ſt on fire my blood :

Provok^{me} to defilement : thoughts unchaste
Pollute my *soul*, and my weak *faith* devaste.

3.

Think I on lawful *thriving*? or on *wealth*?
Thou poysonest that thought with *Avarice*.
Think I on *honour*? thou bringst in by stealth
Pride and *Ambition*, and each *haughty Vice*.
If on *Religions* sacred self I ponder;
Thou tempest to *Superstition*, *Schism*, or *Error*:
My *Faith* with *doubts*, my *Hope* with *fears* keepst un-
Fill'st my distracted heart with horrid terrour. (der;
Pray I with *zeal*? thou stir'st *vain glory* in me:
If *coldly*, to *cease* praying thou wilt win me.

4.

Hear I Gods holy *word*? or do I read
His sacred *Oracles*? thou interposest
Base *worldly* garbage : and dost me mislead
By *fleshy* thoughts : or my *Soul* indisposest
For such *religious* Duties by dull *slumber*,
By *mock-death-sleep*, or *chilliness* of *spirit*,
Or else with *avaricious* care dost cumber;
Or puff performance with conceit of *merit*.
And so a snake in my most fair paths lay'st,
And (like a *faithless self*) thy *self* betray'st.

5.

Would I bewail my *sins*? thou petrifi'st
My melting heart : thou dri'st my *tear-big-eyes*,
Drawst in my sigh-puff sayles, and balm appli'st
To fest'ring *Ulcers*, whilst my *Conscience* cries
They should be search'd and cleans'd : and so dost
By artless curing. But if I sustain kill,
A petty *worldly* cross, thou shew'st thy skill
With *Probe* and *Corrosives*: and here again
Thou kill'st me twice, whom worlds cross should not
Were not thy dastard heart so apt to swound. (wound,

Call I a *Parliament* within my brest,
 And summon thither *Faith, Hope, filial Fear,*
Love, and enlightned Conscience, with the rest
 Of the *Lords House* : if they do all appear :
Wit, Learning, Reason, humane wisdom, Care,
The Moral Vertues, and Dame Natures Gifts,
 (All which, well us'd, good Common Members are)
 Out th' *Higher House* : And then are put to shifts
 Themselves, by thee, who mak'st them *actless* fall :
 Thou *Autocrator-like*, dost turn out all.

But Oh ! if I a parley with thee call,
 Each thought's as soon enacted, as conceiv'd :
 Thy elbow-counsel are, *World, Dev'l, and all,*
 That we our selves by self may be deceiv'd.
 Ah *self-deluding self!* thou hast retain'd
 A cunning counsel, whose abstruse advice
 Passes thy depth : thou'lt see't when they have train'd
 Thee on to ruine : prethee *Self* be wise ;
 And so adieu ; we needs must part : farewel :
 I'm bent for Heaven, and thou art guide to Hell.
 Yet ah ! I'm loath ; but I thy witchcrafts smell,
 Thou mak'st this *Stave, my Tard of Verse an Ell.*

The Epigram.

Self against *self* ? and yet both *selves* in one ?
 Far better *self* left *self*, or *self* were none :
 Oh happy news ! they're parted ; yet it's wonder
 If these loath-parting *selves* stay long asunder.
 If we re-meet, Lord, grant (to ill intents)
 Our *Paylies* actless as our *Parliaments*.

The forraign Anchorite.

1.

Retired'st creature ! who would ere believe,
A living man should thus himself *intombe*,
Immur'd to live, and die without reprieve,
In a poor Mason's off-springs ventless womb ?
Such *uncouth wayes to life*, in men reveal
A frosty knowledge, though a fiery zeal.

2.

Here mans *hero-ick soul* so low descends,
As to forsake *communion* with his kinde ;
All intercourse with near related friends :
VVhich might each other edifie in minde,
And teach in word and deed : *pious converse*
Might spread thy *faith* through kingdoms by com-

(merce.

3.

Is not thy *talent* hidden in this *Cave* ?
Or at the best useful to none but thee ?
Whilst thou abroad rich *sattorage* might'st have,
VVhich for thy *Master's*, and thy *gain* might be.
Sure thy *account* will hardly pass at last,
When on thy *sloth* such *losses* shall be cast.

4.

And why may not the *tempter* more prevail
On thee in *solitude* ? It was his plot
On our *Redeemer*, thinking not to fail
Of speeding, when he him alone had got.
Thou tempt'st a *tempter* bold ; for he that dar'd
To set on *God and man*, of *man* ne'er fear'd.

5.

A stout and dreadful *foe* : And if thou stand
On thine own strength, much more, invincible.
VVer't but a *duel* that thou tak'st in hand,
Of *one to one*, such *foe* were terrible :

But

But when whole *Legi-ons* come marching on,
How wilt thou them oppose, that art *alone*?

6.

Blind-zeal-sick soul! in *Charity* i'll judge
Thee *pixie-led* in *Popish* piety,
VVho mak'st thy self the triple-crowns base drudge,
Debarr'd from all humane society;
VVho else might'st prove a *Saint* in future glory,
And yet enjoy these *pleasures* transitory;

7.

Thy life retir'd augments but their vain-glories,
VVho laugh at thee (in secret) all the while;
Thy *fairie Elves*, who thee misled with stories
Into the *mere*, then at thy folly smile,
Yea, *clap their hands* for joy. Were I us'd so,
I would *shake hands* with them, and turn their *foe*.

8.

Old cuntry folk, who *pixie-leading* fear,
Bear *bread* about them, to prevent that harm:
Do thou the *bread of life* about thee bear,
God's *purest word*, and that those *fiends* will charm;
That splendid *light* will chase false lights away,
As *ignes fatui* flie from *Sol's* bright day.

An Epigram on the same.

S Weerly disposed soul (for so I hope)
Though most deluded by thy self, and *Pope*;
Perquire *Zoographers*, and none recite,
A *Romane Pope* turn'd willing *Anchorite*.
Now they so much abhor such doubtful ways,
They'll not to *Heaven* go, without *false* *eyes*.

Another

Another on the same.

Fond man! what an *unwritten way* is this?
 Thou walkst to *Hea-ven*, and wilt *Hea-ven* miss:
 Take *God's word* for thy *guide*, and thou shalt have
My word that that's *the way* that he will save:
 Nay thou *his word* shalt have, who is *the way*
 And *word of life*, that thou shalt live for Aye.

The domestick Anchorite.

1.

Welcome my soul from thy late pilgrimage
 To *Romish Anchorites* secluded cell;
 Thou'rt welcom home: and now i'll thee ingage
 To view an *English Anchorite* as well:
 Observe *thy self* with heed, and thou shalt see,
 Thou art much more an *Anchorite* then he,

2.

Thou art a *free-born sparke*, of *race divine*,
 Sprung from *eternal parentage*, inspir'd
 By *great Jehovah*, of thy *God's* right line:
 Stamp't with his *Image*: with his *Spirit* fir'd:
 And yet (*by native sin*) art from thy birth
Immur'd in this *dull nasty lump* of earth.

3.

Thy *body* is thy *jayl*, and *keeper both*;
 A *stricter keeper*, and a *jayl more sure*,
 Man never had, although thou still art loth
 To be releas'd; thy case is quite past cure:
 For if to free *thy self* thou shouldst endeavour,
 That act will make thee a *worse slave* for ever.

4.

Thy great *Creator* made his *Covenant*
 Of *works*, that thou in *doing* thus shouldst live,
 And raig'n eternally: but (if *works* want)
 Shouldst *die* for evermore, without reprove.

. That

That sacred Covenant this body broke :
And drew on thee (poor soul) this hellish yoke :

5.

A Covenant of Grace then God devis'd,
By a Redeemer, his own only Son ;
Which most transcendent easie terms compris'd :
Believe, be sav'd ; Believe not, be undone :
Yet still this rotten carcass doth withstand :
When Heaven's offer'd, she draws in Faith's hand.

6.

It is a Jayl so close, that thou dost fill
Each smallest Angle of her Continent,
And all her rooms at once ; no Mason's skill
So close an *Anchoritage* could invent :
By the admired *Architectors* Art,
Thou'rt *All in All*, and *All in ev'ry part*.

7.

Thy Jayl's thy self ; for thou and it are one,
Yet all your inclinations opposite :
Your proper actings vary not alone,
But still to contrarieties incite :
Will'st thou ? thy Keeper nills : what thou dost nill,
Do what thou canst, thy Keeper do it will.

8.

Thy windows all are shut in this dark cave :
Thy eyes clos'd up : and when (like sealed Dove)
Thou fain wouldst flutter upward, light to have ;
This flesh to thee united, will not move,
But draws thee back, and clips thy soaring wings,
Or at thy lofti'st pitch thee downward flings.

9.

The world hath none more *Anchorite* then thou :
Thy case seems desperate : And yet a cure
I'll thee prescribe, and briefly shew thee how
Thou may'st be safe, put but the same in ure :

(76)

If thou wilt *soul* and *body* both refresh,
When *Spirit's* sick, give *Physick* to the *flesh*.

10.

Give her a *Vomit* of *Repentance* true,
Steep well in *tears*, and taken next the heart,
Till that be broke : each day the same renew :
(*A paradoxick Cure in physick's Art*)
Purge oft by *fasts* and *prayers*, till thereby
An *Issue* thou procure in either eye.

11.

Take a good quantity of *detestation*,
Of *hatred*, and *abhorrence* of *sin* ;
Chiefly of that neer to thee in relation,
Which hath thy *Darling* and *Beloved* bin :
Thy *right hand*, thy *right eye*, cut off, pluck out,
And cast from thee : these wounds will cure, no doubt.

12.

When thou hast soundly thus *evacuated*
Thy *sinful humours* ; if thou faintish grow,
And feel thy *strength* somewhat too much abated,
By *Faith*, this *Cordial* take that I thee show :
A dose of God-mans blood, mixt with his *merits* :
Twill thee restore, and cheer thy heart and spirits.

13.

The greatest *Doctor* ere on earth did tread,
A better *med'cine* ne'er prescrib'd to man :
This *life* restores to men *whole ages* dead :
Nay, this *eternal life* procure thee can.
But after *vomit*, still beware *returning* :
And in and after *purgings*, keep *zeal* burning.

14.

This will restore *God's Image*, lost by *sin* :
Make thee his *son* : thee with his *Spirit* fill ;
Free thee from *keeper*, and the *jail* thou'rt in :
Hereby thou mayst both *covenants* fulfil :

Open

Open thy *windows*, and uncloſe thine *eyes*,
And higher mount, then *Lark* or *Eagle* flies.

15.

By this thou may'ſt ſlie higher then the ſpheres ;
Out-mount all *mortal thoughts* ; and live moſt free,
From worldly thraldoms, croſſes, cares, and fears :
Have God's *imperial throne* prepar'd for thee
To *King* it in ; when thou from hence ſhalt ſoar
To reign with him in joy for evermore.

The Epigram.

M*Y* ſoul, take my advice ; It's good (no doubt)
Thou and thy *Faſt* were both turn'd inſide out.
Pray him that made you both (*for Jeſus ſake*)
He'll thee henceforth thy *keepers keeper* make.
'Twould main advancement to his glory be,
Could'ſt thou o'er-rule this wretch that now rules thee.

Another on the ſame.

TRanſcendent wonder ! that who's born moſt free,
A ſlave unto *himſelf* ſhould freely be !
That the diviner ſoul, of god-like birth,
Should be a vallaſs to a *lump of earth* !
But ſhe had never thus imprifon'd bin,
Had not this *body* captiv'd her by *ſin*,
Mortifie thou this *body* for't, and then
Thou ſhalt regain thy *liberty* agen :
Subdue its *luſts* ; break its *proud heart* aſunder ;
Then (by *Chriſt's help*) thou'lt *keep* thy *keeper* under.

To Christians rigidly censorious.

Dear fellow-members of that mystick bead
 Who is our *J. Ius*, and our Christ should be,
 Who ever must be so acknowledged
 By those that hope his face with joy to see!
 Cease all rash judgment; look on me a worm,
 The most unworthy member of you all,
 Who cannot as I would, base self reform,
 Yet trust in him to do't who's all in all,
 Who sees and governs hearts with much more ease
 Then men can actions: let his love divine
 Calm your incensed spirits, and appease
 Your zealous hearts: forbear to judge of mine,
 Or others mens estates by bare surmise,
 To stumble at our failings: for we stand
 Or fall to our great master, who spies
 The thoughts, words, deeds, of each heart, tongue, and
 And judgeth all uprightly: whom nor fear (hand,
 Nor favour e'er can sway, nor bribe corrupt.
 Happy are you that can your wills forbear,
 And them subject to his: who interrupt
 Lusts, passions, and affections natural
 By his assisting grace; for thereby 'tis
 Alone that you can stand: and though we fall
 Often and much: rob us not of the bliss
 Of your *conniving* Charity; but give
 Mild censures of our states: for our desires
 Like yours are infinite, wishing to live
 In each particular as God requires;
 But ah! corrupted nature so much sways
 In our frail hearts, and all our duties taints:
 We leave his pure, to walk in our vain ways;
 No less might you, wer't not for his restraints.

Forbid Lord that I here should plead for *sin*
In customary practise unoppos'd;
 It's crimes in which we fall, not wallow in,
 Our hearts the while being otherwise dispos'd :
 Death's body that is in us, towes us on
 To do what our *oppressed souls* abhor ;
 Whence none can us deliver, but who's gone,
 Yet staies with thee our pardons to implore :
 On whom alone for mercy we depend,
 Since 'tis thy will, who won, shall wear the prize :
 His merits, not our own, our cause defend ;
 And they alone thy justice can suffice ;
 Our morning-dews, our *menstruous raggs* are full
 Of emptiness, as well as filth that soiles
 Our souls with self-conceit, which renders dull
 And dead our duties, and our graces foils ;
 So whilst we in our selves for something look,
 We overlook our souls *Pan-pharmacum*,
 And swallow Satans subt'lest bayt and hook
 (Which so besets mysterious Babylon,)
 Self-merit ; which can ne'er God's test endure :
 Though we may hug our selves in high-flown hopes,
 They'll vanish soon, and we shall stand impure
 In his pure eyes, who'll storm down all self-props.
 Dear brethren militant ! who here wage war
 Against world, flesh, and Devil, our common foes :
 If any of you herewith tainted are,
 (As many doubtless are, though who none knowes,)
 Let me beseech your interchange of pray'rs
 For us to graces sacred throne ; and ours
 Shall be for you : this mutual love repairs
 All Christian breaches : cry with all your powers
 For our more strict obedience ; and we'll cry
 With ours for your humility the while ;
 And let's all cry for Christian unity
 Betwixt us all : divisions do defile

Our

Our *mothers* face, they sully her fair skin,
 And *schism* hath branded *truths* sweet self with lies ;
 Whilst we neglect the danger we are in,
 And foster *errors* which our foes devise,
 Purposely to *divide*, that they may *raign*,
 And ruine undescri'dly *Church* and *State* ;
 To bring us back enslav'd to *Rome* and *Spain*:
 Oh haste prevention, lest it prove too late !
 Let's joyn hearts, hands and heads; let's cry aloud
 With true repentant tears for our high *crimes*,
 Which cry for *vengeance*, and are yet allow'd :
 First mend *our selves*, then we shall mend *the times*,
 For we have *marr'd* them : and till we reform,
 They'll grow but worse in spight of wit, of force,
 Or policy ; And we shall have a *storm*,
 Insensible by all our foot, and horse.
Defend, dear Lord, *defend* these sinfull lands,
 From thy *impending judgments*, and retract
 Thy unsheath'd sword : and let not their fierce hands
 Thy just *revenge* on these vile Nations act,
 Who are *thy foes* and *ours*, though our deserts
 Plead strongly so to have it : but reclaim
 Our sinful lives, and turn our stubborn hearts,
 That we at last may at thy glory aim,
 And scorn *self-ends*, the *Idol* of this Land ;
 Lest *self-ends* bring us to *self-ends* indeed,
 As well as in *intention* ; (Lord) thy hand
 Alone can save us : blessed God, proceed
wonders to work within us. In our change,
 As thou hast long without us *wonders* wrought :
 Turn us from bad to good ; thy *plagues* estrange
 Which *unrepented sins* have on us brought :
 Restore us *unity* and *peace* divine :
 Let thy sweet Gospels glory still increase :
 Be thou *Lord* ours, and make us to be thine,
 And bless these Isles with *Christian joy* and *peace* :

Then

Then shalt thou joy in us; and we in thee, (rounds:
 And spread thy glory through earth's spacious
 That all its Nations may come in and see
 Thy saving health, and how thy grace abounds. Amen.

Epigram.

How crooked in this age is mankind grown?
 Some give offence, and others take where's none:
 All flock like Larks to Day-nets, and most flie
 To a false glass, in stead of Heavens bright eye:
 Opinion guideth most, and she (by faction)
 Is quite beside her self, in high distraction,
 Our wanton hearts each spark take, tinder-like,
 That Rome's and Spain's false steel & stone do strike;
 But ah beware, lest (blown into a flame)
 Those sparks devour our Nation and our Name:
 They had ere now, did he not them prevent,
 From whose pure truths, they charm us to dissent,
 By broaching sapless Schisms, fruitless Dissentions;
 Teaching for truths their own accurst inventions.
 Lord, re-unite us ere we ruin'd be:
 Make us at odds with th. m, but one with thee. Amen.

The bitter sweet.

I.

Lord! it's a time of changes; oh be pleas'd
 To change us so, that we may be pleas'd
 In every change; submit our stormie wills
 To thy disposals; silence passion's stills;
 And meek embracement of sharp dispensations
 To us-wards for our great prevarications;
 Retard ensuing judgements; I might say,
 Prevents them, since it doth thy wrath allay.

G

2.

Lord ! it's a time of troubles : trouble me
 Most for my sins ; since they most trouble thee.
 Impow'r me, Lord, to trouble them as well
 Who are the *Achans* of thy *Isra-el* ;
 Let them have trouble, 'till they troubled die,
 Sunk in oblivion to eternity.
 These curs'd *Egyptians* still have thee withstood :
 Drown them in the *Red-sea* of thy *Sons blood*.

3.

Lord ! it's a time of war ; arm thou my soul
 Against my *lusts* and my *corruptions* foul,
 Which with *world*, *flesh*, and *devil*, united stand
 Encampt against me : Thine *Almighty* hand
 Alone can save : make me resolv'd and stout ;
 That I by *grace* these restless *foes* may rout :
 Teach me thy *spiritual armour* so to wield,
 That they subdu'd with shame, may flie the field.

4.

Lord ! it's a time of *sickness* : oh ! I faint :
Sin is my *sickness* ; make it my *complaint* :
 Dear *Christ*, be thou my *doctor*, or I die :
 No *doctor* else can cure my *malady* ;
 It's a *contagious* botch *hereditary* ;
 A *leprosie*, that doth *infection* carry
 Through all *man's generations* ; all *man's line* :
 'Tis *blood* must cure't : and no *blood* can, but *thine*.

5.

Lord ! it's a time of *death* : teach me to die
 Aright to *sin*, that I may live thereby
 To *righteousness* : then (as that *death* pleas'th thee,) *Death*
natural will pleasing prove to me :
 Whilst in thee I shall die, *death* shall but hurry
 Me from this vale of tears to endless glory.
 Grant these two *deaths* (who once didst die for me)
 I first may die to *sin*, next die in thee.

Chorus.

Chorus.

IN changes, troubles, war, sickness, and death :
My sweet's above, my bitter still beneath.

Mos Mundi. *The broad way.*

1.

TO drink, to drab, to dance and sing,
To swear, and swagger, roar and raunt,
Carouse, and Hats up fling,
Laugh, boast, and vaunt,
Jeer and taunt,
Jest and Jibe
Like *Thraso's* tribe :
To flatter, cog, and lye,
Pack Cards, and trip a Dye,
Frolick, and feast,
And play the beast :

Have mirthful parts accounted been :
Yea, *noble* qualiries esteem'd :
But *wise* men when they such have seen,
Them rather *mad*, then *mer.* y deem'd.

2.

To fast, be chaste, demurely talk,
Hate Oathes, debauch'd behaviour flie,
And soberly to walk,
Jests to desie,
And each lye;
Truth to speak,
Wrath not to wreak,
But leave revenge to God,
Are all held humours odd :
Who such is turn'd,
Is mostily scorn'd,

The world so impudent is grown,
 That *sin* gains glory, *virtue* shame;
Astrea is to Heaven flown,
 And *Grace* on Earth hath lost her name.

Sic transit gloria mundi:
Præsentis: non futuri.

Eternity.

E*ternity*! Ah dearest Lord assist (whelm'd
 My shallow Muse; for she's quite over-
 In this vast Ocean: she's of footing miss't;
 Toss'd on the surging waves, like ship unhelm'd;
 Depriv'd of *terminus a quo*, from whence
 Her voyage to begin; and the *ad quem*,
 Where it should end: since he's depriv'd of sense
 Who in *eternity* doth seek for them:
 She no beginning had, nor end shall have,
 But from eternal to eternal be:
 VVas, is, and shall be, when death, and the grave,
 The Earth, the Sea, the Heavens (which we see)
 Were all meer nothing, unborn, unbegotten:
 Whilst they their time ordain'd continue shall;
 And when they all are vanish'd, and forgotten,
 She'll stay unmetamorphos'd at all.
 In her, nor time, nor age, can change effect;
 Nor all the pow'rs of Earth and Hell prevail
 To make a wrinkle in her sweet aspect,
 Nor frost one hair, though joyntly they assaill.
 VVhen Heav'n shall moult her Stars, & (like a roul)
 Involved be in flames, that shall consume
 The world's whole fabrick (save mans deathless soul):
 And God shall in a moment us assume
 (*Chang'd*) to himself: Yet she shall still remain
 Immutable, by his divine decree
 Who her impow'r'd that sameness to retain

In self-fruition to eternity.

Old *Idol-makers* emblemiz'd her by (meet;

A snake turn'd round, whose mouth and tayl did

VVhich endless form shew'd forth a deity,

VVhose everlasting being, could not fleet,

Nor end receive, but still revert again

To its beginning : Others pourtray'd her

In youthful shape, so ever to remain.

Both in the right, and yet both out on't were ;

Though *everlasting* and *unchangeable*,

She's but a *creature* : so they erred both

In *de-ify*ing her : yet no man's able

Of her deep Essence to conceive the troth ;

She's of too lofty birth, too deep conception

For our low, shallow apprehensions reach :

The thought whereof should move us to reception

Of humbled hearts, and soul-submission teach

To our and her great God, whose wonders woo

Our way-ward hearts from transitorie joyes,

To *will* what he doth *will*, and that to do ;

To fix on him ; and so abandon toys.

Sacred *Eternity* should make us slight

These shadow-pleasures, short delights *below*,

False creature-comforts ; and to eye that light

That leads to true and lasting joyes : we know

Those soon shall fade : And our immortal souls

Run parallel unto *Eternity*,

In *wo* or *weal*. Who then, but heedless fools,

Will loose firm joyes, to joy in vanity ?

Heark, *fearless Dolt* ! hammer thy steeled heart

On this firm *Anvil* ; Oft in minde revolve

Eternity, that she may make thee part

From thy embosom'd lusts ; the *stone* dissolve

That's in thy *breast* ; thy crusted conscience soften ;

Impow'r thee *Satans* wiles more to resist :

To do good oftner, and not sin so often,

For fear of everlasting *had I wist.*
 This single word in brief doth comprehend
 All the surpassing joys that *Heav'n* affords :
 And all the torments that the damned find
 In *Hell*, them to express need no more words ;
 For though the joys of one be infinite
 In number, weight and measure, and as well
 The others *torments* no less infinite :
Eternity makes them both Heav'n and Hell.
 Her age in times meer infancy was vast,
 Transcending all *Arithmeticians* skill :
 The number of her fore-past years to cast,
 Though they should use the stars that Heaven fill,
 Each grass, and grain of dust that Earth can shew,
 And all the drops and sands in Sea and shore,
 With the Ayre's Atomes ; they would be too few
 (*Were each a thousand thousand millions more*)
 For figures that grand number to express
 To which they would amount : Howe'er, when time
 Shall be no more, her youth will be no less
 Then at the first. *O wonder most sublime ?*
 Here muse, and stand amaz'd, *presumptuous man,*
 Who squandrest pretious time in seeking that
 VWhich when possess'd annoys ! Content ne'er can
 Be found in Treasures, Honours, Pleasures, flat
 False titillations : They the fancy please
 With momentaneous tickling : but the soul
 Can no satiety receive from these,
 Whilst her diviner eyes espie their foul
 And gross delusions, winning us to waste
 Our time of grace, (*short week of working dayes*)
 On toyes and trifles care away to cast,
 Neglecting (*our creation's end*) his prayse
 That formed us ; and so to lose our pay
 In that *eternal Sabbath's* rest to come,
 And gull us with false hopes, that fade away

When *Judgement* dooms us *Hell* for our sad home ;
 Whose everlasting flames should us deter
 From their allurements, and our souls provoke
 No longer true repentance to defer,
 But take upon us our *Redeemers* yoke,
 Embrace his endless love. And let that force
 Our souls to grace, by holy violence :
 Redeem our time by Faith and true remorse,
 And giving neither God nor man offence ;
 For on the husbanding of this short span
 Of our frail life, *eternal life* depends,
 Or *death eternal*. Oh ! when this we scan,
 It should unbottom us from all false ends :
 And keep us firm in truths sincerest wayes,
 And in the pathes of life ; that when times race
 Is run, and all distinguishments by dayes,
 Hours, months & years, shall here no more have place,
 We may enjoy *Eternity* above :
 Whereof that we may not at last be mist,
 But ponder still in heart (what doth behove)
Eternity ! Ah dearest Lord, assist. AMEN.

The Epigram on the same.

E*Ternity* my Muse doth quite confound :
 Her true Description never Mortal found.
Rings, Snakes, and Globes, with such round things as
 Th' *Ancients* for her *dimne* resemblance chose ; (those *dimne*
A boundless Plain ; a *pointless Parallel* :
A Circle that includes both *Heaven* and *Hell* ;
 Yet hath nor *Centre* ; nor *Circumference*
 Demonstrable to Reason, or to sense ;
 Each *Mathematick point* of whose vast Ring
 Equals her whole *Dimension*. Wondrous thing !
 Yet true as strange. Nay more, I'll tell you what ;
 Think what man cannot think, and she is that.

She rounds my Verse, no man her depth can sound,
Eternity my Muse doth quite confound.

Objections, Solutions, and Chorus.

Objection 1.

WHY should onely *Man* desire
To transgress his Makers Laws,
Who made him so high aspire,
That all earthly things he awes?

Solution 1.

Nothing but *corrupted Nature*
Made Man so perverse a creature;
Nothing but *renewing Grace*
Can Mans guilt and filth deface.

Objection 2.

WHY should *Christ* from glory come,
To be born in courtest home,
Live and die in pain and grief,
For unthankful mans relief?

Solution 2.

Nothing but *divinest Love*
Brought our *Maker* from above,
Who, for all his grief and pain,
Craves but *Love* for *Love* again.

The CHORE.

OH admired *Love* divine!
Suit our hearts with love to thine!
Then adieu false creature-joys;
Welcom *Truths*, and farewell *Toys*.

Mans

Man's Heart.

1.

A Curious triangle methinks I see
 Immur'd by Heav'n's Eternal Architect,
 His seed-plot of each Grace divine to be :
 A glorious Paradise without defect :
 A Paradise in Paradise, (that's slight)
 The Paradise of Paradise : the throne
 Of the worlds great Creator, whose delight
 Was fixt therein : his Majesty thereon.
 Such was *Man's* heart, and such might still have bin,
 Had he baulk'd Serpentine deceit of sin.

2.

But, ah most horrid fate ! since *Adam* fell,
 This Nursery & WilderNESS is grown :
 Eden of Eden, is the Hell of Hell,
 And Graces plants by Pride's puffs over-thrown,
 Earth-mice have eat the seeds : the thorns and briars,
 Hemlock and Wormwood have o'er spread the ground
 Once till'd to grace ; Lusts and corrupt desires,
 With all their base productions, there abound :
 And what was once the King of Glories home,
 Is wholly now a Den for Fiends become.

3.

World, flesh and devil this triangle have fill'd,
 Having got full possession, plac'd therein
 A curst rabblement of Elves that build
 Fortifications, and strong holds for Sin,
 The blessed Founders greatest Enemy,
 Who in them rests secure : thence Grace repells,
 Though profer'd by the Lord spontaneously,
 And all good Inclinations quite expells ;

Whence

Whence from a *sp'ritual cana-an*, it's grown
No less then a *mysterious Babylon*.

4.

It's now the old *Red Dragons Nursery* :
A new Plantation of each hateful crime :
The Shop of that accurst *Apothecary*,
Who therein doth his poisonous drugs sublime
Pride's Mercury, *Zeal-chilling Ellebore*,
Intemperancies Swine-bane ; *Antimony*
Of *Infidelity*, and thousands more :
The *Opium* of dull security,
And Lusts *Cantharides* : these he refines,
By them to work his mischievous designs.

5.

The cunning *Gardiner* doth oft-times graft,
Bud, and inoculate (to shew his skill)
Produc'th fair-seeming flow'rs on stocks stark naught,
And specious fruits, from roots corrupt and ill :
But these, like *Sodoms Apples*, vanish quite,
If try'd by touch : which sorts he mostly plants
In a close corner, for his own delight,
Allotted to *Hypocrisie* : where wants
No dressing that the *Devil* can afford
To nourish plants accursed, and abhorr'd.

6.

Stand you but there at gaze, and you will deem
Your self in Heaven, with *Saints incircled round*,
Whilst it is Hell and Devils : for they but seem,
And are not real : as will once be found.
The Angels trumpets that at last shall blow
Our *Resurrection-summons*, them shall blast,
And we their painted falsities shall know ;
Themselves in everlasting flames be cast :
Their rotten *Roots*, which all shall plainly see,
Proclaim who *Impt* them : and whose *Imps* they be.

7.

Dread God! shall this *Intruder* still possess
 Thy sacred portion, and thy choicest field:
 'Twill make him question thine *Almightiness*:
 Avenge thee, *Lord*, and force the fiend to yeild.
 Root out his worthless plants, and replant thine:
 New turn the ground, and sow thy seeds of grace
 Afresh therein: and let thy power divine
 Cherish them there: *Satans* rank weeds deface:
 Batter his raised forts, his forces rout:
 Re-enter in thy Right, and turn him out.

8.

Renew thy sin-demolish'd Image here:
 Hallow this little frame to thy great praise:
 New mold, new make the model, hence cashier
 Innate corruptions: plain the crooked ways:
 Throw down the hills and hillocks: raise the vales:
 Manure the barren ground: more fertile make,
 The erst unfallow'd plots: re-build the walls:
 Thy wonted pleasure in this fabrick take.
Lord, it did cost thee dear *when thou went'st hence*,
 To purchase it with thy heart-blood's expence.

An Epigram on the same.

COULD not *Creations* Title keep Gods Right
 In mans false heart, that subtle *Serpents* spight
 Compell'd him to redeem what was his own
 Unforfeited? It now his right is grown
 By purchase too: *Lord*, keep what now thou hast,
 For we shall lose it, if thou hold not fast:
 A fairer purchase ne'er was bought or sold;
 Nor sicker for the Purchaser to hold.
 Were not thy *Mercy* great and stupifying,
 'Twas ne'er worth making, much less worth thy buying.
Infancy

Infancy.

E *Pitome of man* ! why such sad cheer
 As eries and tears at thy first entrance here?
 Sure thou confur'st *philosophers* of old,
 Who tales of *spheres* harmonious musick told :
 Such a celestial quire must by and by
 Ravish thy soul with charming melody ;
 But thou art *deaf* to them, they *mute* to thee ;
 'Twixt *deaf* and *dumb* new-met, what *sympathy* ?
 Alas but small. But thou thus dost not cry
 Their error to confute, or to descry :
 Thou'st cause enough besides ; thy *pain* in *birth*,
 And *birth* to future *pain*, whilst here on earth :
 Thou com'st from whence thou hadst content before ;
 And whilst thou'rt here, shalt never have it more.
 Can thy diminutive heart chuse but mourn
 To restless *pains* and *crosses* to be borne ?
 Alas, what hath this empty world that's rare !
 To please thee with ? a *teat*, a *bib*, *fine ware*,
 A *rattle*, *whistle* ? toys with crying after
 These rarities may justly challenge laughter,
 Though not worth joying in, nor yet injoying,
 But that thy crying fits are husht with toying.
 Yet this i'll say for thee, who in no wise
 Canst for thy little self *apologize* :
 Men riper year'd pursue as eagerly
 More noxious bables, and sing *lullaby*
 To their deluded souls in those enjoying,
 Which mostly are their selves and souls destroying.
Bacchus wins men with *bibbs* ; *Cupid* with *teats* ;
 Whilst *Mars* with *whistles* calls to famous feats ;
 But all-commanding *Mammon* rattles makes
 With cursed *coyn-bags*, cheating *metal-cakes*,

Worse

Worse then *Atlantis*'s apples in the way
 To *Heav'n* : they force us both to *stay* and *stray*.
 Oh then let's cease to laugh at thy weak wits,
 And learn to mourn for our own frantick fits;
 Far better we delighted in thy toys,
 Then by our own to lose eternal joys.
 But ah thy *innocence* in act ! could wee
 In that perfection equalize but thee,
 We happy were. Such must we be; for none
 But some way such, shall *Heav'n* attain alone.
 Lord make us such; for only thou canst tame
 Our headstrong natures, and make us disclaim
 Proud self, who (flown aloft) doth meteorize
 And with false flashes dazzles *saith's* weak eyes.
 Extinguish Lord this fatal *Comet* in us;
 Infantize thou our high-swoln hearts, and win us
 To humble meekness : by thy peerless skill;
 Make us stout men, yet little children still;
 That with humility and innocence
 'Gainst all assailants we may make defence,
 And strive to victory. Oh thou most high !
 Lift us for soldiers of thy infantry.

The Epigram.

WEakest of creatures ! what ? come naked forth
 Into the world's vast wilderness ? it's worth
 Thy cries and tears, yea cares and fears beside,
 What may thee in this solitude betide.
 Yet ne'er despair ; take for thy comfort this,
 'Tis the most beaten road to future bliss.
 Husband thy tears, treasure them up in store,
 To mourn for sin : thy joy shall be the more.
 Foes thou hast great, and many : but a friend,
 That's gone this way unto the journey's end,

Hath

Hath weak'ned them, yea will them all subdue,
 Only believe in him : he's yet in view,
 In eye of *faith* : keep still thy innocence :
 Be still a child, in giving no offence :
 Keep thy *friend's* foot-steps home to *Heaven* door,
 For 'tis *Heav'ns-God's-son* that is gone before.

Puerility.

I*nfancy* was illiterate and past
 In wordless craving, to be pleas'd in haste.
 The A. B. C of man next treads the *stage* ;
 It *foots* the *world's* great ball, which riper age
 Doth *head*, and *hearts* so much, that oft' it strains
 Her *heart-slings* to a *crack*: oft' *breaks* her *brains*.
Childhood's a pretty *fiddle* ; but the *rod*
 Doth spoil it's *case*, and makes it's musick odd
 And harsh, which else would mostly pleasant be,
 Though much more out of tune : the *Birchen* tree
 Terrifies more in schools than *English oaks*
 'Erst did their foes at Sea with thunder strokes :
 Whence some of this small tribe will dare aver
Nero not half so bad's a *school-master*.
 See, see our way-ward *nature* ! native hate
 To means whose ends might us felicitate !
 We willingly will precious time advance
 To loss of knowledge, gain of ignorance ;
 A *barter* that breaks all the *Merchants* trust,
 Yet satisfies none but the *Devil* and *lust*,
 His *foes*, not *creditors*. Hark, wanton ! hark !
walk in the day, for *danger's* in the *dark* :
 Knowledge no burthen is, save unto those
 Whom ignorance marks out for wisdom's foes.
 Learn but what's good, and what is evil shun :
 Play on as long's thou wilt, the game is won.

Surely

Surely thy life's a puppet-play, wherein
 thy acted parts allude to future sin:
 thy pot-guns may to Cannons grow: thy cash
 of rounded flats, breed love of that base trash
 that so enchants earth's pilgrims, that they sell
 their *lives*, their *souls*, for *coyn*; to purchase *Hell*.
 thy plays in which thou pris'ners tak'st, descry
 the course of wars, where some pursue, some fly.
 thy hood-wink't sports give ignorance her due,
 an emblem fabulous, whose moral's true.
 these (thy now counterfeits) in future times,
 become thy *real actions*, and thy *crimes*.
 O Lord, what a gallimaufry of deceit
 is man's frail life! who first doth counterfeit,
 Next rea-lize those vanities which tend
 at last to *falsehood*, and an *endless end*!
 And, end these wanton toys: play not the sort,
 To make a trade of that which profits not;
 Reason thy new-made *clome* with *lipid liquor*,
 these us'd as recreations may make quicker
 thy parts of *soul* and *body* for that trade,
 in whose sole profit thou art marr'd or made;
 Oh! 'tis of high concernment: weigh thy *time*,
 And weigh it to the *grains*: it's rare *pastime*,
 full fraught with true content, rich gain to boot:
 and now's thy *time*, yea now's high *time* to do't.
 Each minute this way spent, will win thee store
 Of wealth and bliss, when *time* shall be no more.
 Think in thy play, each *step* of thine *steps* on
 One *step* towards thy grave, which *steps-time* gone
 Thou never canst recal, to re-employ
 More profitably for thy future joy.
 When thou dost learn thy *book*, each *letter* think
 it's *emblem*: as the *paper's* stain'd with *ink*,
 it stains thy *self*: each *sin's* a *letter* foul,
 a capital character for thy *soul*,

Wherein

Wherein to read its doom, if penitence will vnto
 Rinse not away with blood, guilt and offence;
 Learn'st thou to write? Ah! then thou art to life
 Thy own life's acts, to see-blurs far more life,
 And prone then fairest paper is to take
 The blurs that thy miss-guided pen doth make:
 And learn from hence occasions to avoyd,
 Whereby thy soul with sin might be annoy'd.
 These uses make of thy occurrent playes,
 And of thy labours too; that so thy wayes
 By both may better'd be: Though this seem hard,
 It's worth thy pains, and will return reward:
 Reward, that will require thy vigilance
 Ten thousand-fold: Yea, thy estate advance
 To a degree of contentation here:
 In time to come, unto eternal cheer.
 But oh! it's uncouth, harsh to flesh and blood,
 In thy small volume, to affect what's good;
 Though in thy youngeris we with ease may spie
 An in-nate proneness to depravity.
 VVell: take thy course; I here presented have
 Before thee life and death: And now I crave,
 And with thy better choyce: But if thou wilt
 Run nature's course, shun grace, and so be spilt;
 Forget not what is told thee: this withal,
 God will to strict account thee shortly call.
 Chant on, my pretty Cricket; but remember,
 March-singing Thrushes meet a mute December.

An Epigram on the same.

Childhood's a cyent of man's tree: And do, not bend
 As you it bend, 'twill straight, or awaked grow:
 Bend it betime to grace, and humble make it,
 Lest bigger grown, a head-strong stiffness take it: A
 Then

Then will your labour be to little end :
 Such rugged stocks will rather break then bend.
 And thou (*my little Manikin*) give ear,
 To good directions ; fit corrections bear :
 They both are *physick* good : they will procure
 Thy lasting *healib* ; they'll thee for ever cure.
 Wilt thou not take them, but keep on thy *tomming* ?
 Then take this pill : *WELL, wanton, winter's coming.*

Youth.

Fairest of *sub-celestials* ! draw thee near :
 Grace our great *stage* ; thou art an *Angels phear*
 If but with grace replete : But i'm mistaken :
 And *Lark-like* with a *stale* and *day-net* taken,
 Deeming a *glass* the *Sun* : I see my error :
 I finde from thee deep grounds of *fear* and *terror*.
 Help, help me, store of manacles, and gyves,
 Stocks, shackles, pillories, and all that gives
 Correction to *untamed man* ; yea, call
 For bridles, halters, bits, and curbs withall,
 Ropes, fetters, barnacles, and cables strong :
 Nay, bring the *Ax*, and *Gallows* both along,
 Whose pow'rs can briefly tame both *man* and *beast* :
 Bring any Engine else, nor here exprest :
 Then fetch me all earths *Conjurers* and *Witches*,
 Whom *Satan* makes believe they wear the britches,
 And can him rule : bring *Devil* and all : These forces
 May tame Bears, Lyons, Boars, Bulls, Tygers, Horses,
 And all wild beasts : Ships under sayl, and winds,
 In roughest storms, Sea, where a way it finds ;
 Fire, water, earth, and ayr : yet cannot fear
 More *untam'd youth* from its most *wild career*.
 Dark, *witless wild-oats* ! though thou raunt'st it thus,
 I've got a *lusty guard* : And some of us

H

Shall

Shall one day tame thee : Nay, i'll tell thee more :
 He that brings up the *Reer*, hath quite o'erborne
 And captivated thee : who know'st it not :
The sadder much thy case, the worse thy lot.
 His subtilty is *Serpentine*, beware ;
 Give him an *Inch*, hee'll take an *ell* : who dare
 Allow him but the *lordship* of a *thought* ,
 Into his vassallage are slicly brought
 In *thoughts, words, acts and all*, till he erect
 His *kingdom* in their *souls* : a sad effect
 Of such a slighted cause. Resolve therefore
 To free thee of his thraldom, *serve* no more.
 No more *serve him* : But *serve him* who hath bought
 Thy freedom out by price unheard, unthought,
 Till Gospel it reveal'd : By his *heart-blood*
 He freed thee from thy sin-bound prentice-hood :
 And he makes all his servants perfect free :
 The world yeelds no such master else for thee :
 His silver's only currant, his gold pure,
 Thy wages thousandfold, thy payment sure.
 Oh take him ; he thy *Covenant* long since seal'd :
 Put seal to his, lest thine should be repeal'd.
christophorize, and make the *legend* true.
 Forsake the *Devil*, and take a *master new*.
 But know withal, this master's such a one,
 As will a *new man* have, or else have none.
Renew, renew thy life : imploy thy strength
 In those achievements that bring blis at length :
 Squander not time, and money both, for that
 Which is not bread : whose best contentment's flat,
 Dull, dead, and low, unsating to thy soul :
 Yea, mortal *poysen* venomous and foul :
 Such are thy *lusts*, which thou pursu'st amain ;
 They'll neither end in pleasure, nor in gain,
 But rueful wo, and loss. Recal thy minde ;
 Summon thy *senses* in, which *reason* blind ;

• Lure them to her subjection; *will suppress;*
 And give more sway to *grace*, to *nature* less:
 Ne'er man layd grain of *honour* in the dust,
 By yeelding unto *grace*, but unto *lust*.
 I know thou look'st aloft, thou prizest *self*,
 Thou valu'st *honour* more then *worldly self*:
 For this I should commend thee, didst thou know
 But what *true honour* is; *not* this below:
 Nor Scutchions fair; *not* worm-fret monuments,
 Nor large-dimension'd *pettigrees*; great rents:
 Millions of Mannors; princely Fabricks rais'd
 By glorious Ancestors, whose fame is blaz'd
 In dateless old Records, to be descended
 From an Heroick stock, whose worth transcended
 Earth's greatest Monarchs: Nor from him that claims
 Her *universal Crown*, whose boundless aims
 Lay title to the *Heavens*, *Earth*, and *Hell*,
 When but the last's his due. No, no, know well,
 To be, or come from such, *false honour* is,
 Whose affectation cheateth us of bliss:
 It's but imaginary. *Honour true*
 Puts off the *old man*, and puts on the *new*:
 Strives not to seem, but be more good then great:
 To sinful thoughts; words, actions, sounds retreat.
 For them most *moivins*: Of them is most asham'd:
 Hating to be deform'd, more then defam'd;
 Deform'd in soul; for that's true ugliness:
 As sanctity is truest comeliness.
 Take *God's word* for thy *glass*: there see thy face
 Of soul, and body both: with tyes of grace
 Adorn thy self: So shalt thou fairer be,
 Then the best beauty mortal ere did see.
 Let faith, repentance, patience, modesty,
 Chastity, temperance, sobriety,
 Charity, justice, mercy, zeal, and peace,
 Fortitude, meekness, and such gems as these,

Give lustre to thy life : they'll make thee shine
 In *humane eyes*, and more in *eyes divine*.
 If *gray hairs* fraught with *Grace*, a glory be,
 'Tis much-more glory, *Grace* in *Youth* to see.
 Thou glory'st in thy *beauty*, *stature*, *strength*,
Activity, *wit*, *wealth*, or *cloaths* : at length
 All these will *fade*, and *sayl* thee : know'st how soon ?
 Thy *morning's* past, and *noon* will reach but *noon*.
 But what relate I these ? thou glory'st in
Horrid Impieties ; thou boast'st of *sin*,
 Which might make thy bright *Sun* this minute set
 In everlasting *Darkness* : That's a *Debt*
 That dares *Damnation* : woos *Eternal Death* :
 Makes *love* to *vengeance* : shipwracks *Hope* and *Faith* :
 Jeers *God* at's *Nose* ; and deifies a *sin*,
 That scarce by *Mercie's* self hath pardon'd been.
 Forbear ! forbear, young *Hotspur* ! thy account
 Will one day to the *vaster sum* amount :
 For this doth double charge thy *debts* : and thou
 Art surely *broke*, unless thou learn to *bow* :
 It's better *bow*, then *break* : Bow, bow thee low ;
Humilitie's a *Grace* whose *height* none know,
 But the *Lamb's* *lamb*s, whose *pasture* is *Mount Sion* :
 Who have thereby o'ercome the roaring *Lyon* :
 It is a *Star*, that, fix'd in *Youth's* high *Sphere*,
 Transcends the reach of each *Astronomer* :
 For none can take it's *Altitude*, but he,
 who's above all , and for whom all things be.
 Let thy *Grand-Siegnior will* (that *Turk-like* swayes
 Thy *soul* and *body* by tyrannick wayes)
 Submit in all things to his *will Divine*,
 Who gave thee *will*, and all that else is thine :
 But if thou wilt not here submit unto'r,
 wiltst thou, or wiltst thou, thou in *Hell* shalt do'r.
 Take that from me : and take it for me too :
 Remember I have told thee what to do.

An Epigram on the same.

Post! why so fast? I've heard, *haste seldom thrives*;

But he must needs go fast, whom Devil drives:

Thy way is broad, smooth, plain, and fair to eye,

Full with a foul fair-seeming company,

Who bless themselves therein; yet (credit me)

'Tis the great road to endless misery.

Turn to the *right-hand*; that rough, narrow path

Leads to the place, where joy no ending hath:

The way is deep, but firm, keep on right forth:

Creep where thou fear'st to go; it's labour-worth:

Creeping *one hour*, forwards thee in thy way

More then thy galloping can in *a day*:

And truth to say; though horse or foot may venter

To climb, or claim, none but who *creeps* can enter:

Yea, thou some *creeping holes* so streight may'st find

As may require thy *clothes* to be resign'd:

But happy thou, if once thou canst get in,

Though with the loss both of thy *clothes* and *skin*.

Manhood.

Manhood, the Lyon of our age, appear;

When thou dost roar, all forest-beasts do fear.

Youth's rashness is extinct: thou now hast got

Judgment, with resolution, courage hot,

And strength, with wit, to manage all things well

For thy advantage: and (which doth excel)

Wisdom, the crown of man: oh wer't but true!

But it's a carnal Idol; feigned shew;

A meer mock-wisdom; greatest foe to grace;

An image dumb, rais'd in true wisdoms place:

'Twere better far, that it demolisht were:

It must be so, ere t'other can appear;

For shadows fly, where substances take place :
 So *worldly wisdom* vanisheth from Grace,
 There is a secret sad antipathy
 Betwixt these two : the one doth pine and die
 Where t'other's entertain'd : and never any
 Could harbor both at once : 'twas one too many.
 But say thou'rt wise (if grant it needs we must)
 Pray wherein is't ? surely to please a lust :
 Perhaps to scrape up cash, or purchase lands :
 Nay, say to conquer Crowns ; to get commands :
 I cannot but at thy fond wisdom smile ;
 Who getting *These*, dost lose thy *Self* the while.
 VWho here are richest, highest, void of Grace,
 Shall have in Hell hereafter lowest place :
 These *Pha-etons* will soar an hour on high,
 Though for that hour they sink eternally :
Too silly purchase for a fool to make :
 Ah leave thy wisdom for its follies sake !
 Thou writ'st MAN ; shew thee so : for *Man* was made
 For his CREATOR's glory : But thy trade
 Drives wholly for *Thine own* : an empty bubble
 That brings to him dishonour, to thee trouble,
 Suspicions which intangle and besot
 With fears lest others wits should thine out-plot.
 And so with restless thoughts thou dost indear
 Thy pains to thee : thou woo'st thy further fear :
A jolly subject for mans soul (alone
Inspir'd by God) to spend its spirits on.
 Doubtless (if truly weigh'd) the toys that please
 Young children, are not half so bad as these.
 Fie ! fie ! for shame renounce these fond devices ;
 Whose poyson is like that of *Cockatrice* :
 For *Politicians* plots kill whom they eye,
 Or kill themselves by prime-discovery ;
 They play at *Chess*, and by each Check are crost :
 But such a *Check-mate* yeilds their game quite lost :

These

These are the *Rooks*, which on the Chess-board, Earth
 Play seeming square : but mostly foil the mirth
 Of those whom they assault : who if they have
 A *Bishop* corner-wise to play the Knave,
 Will give *Check-mate*, unless the care be more
 Then oft hath been in games play'd heretofore.
 Lo-howe my Muse ! what turn'd State-Muse at last ?
 Come in, come in ; thy Checks in flight are vast :
 From men, thou fly'st to Chess-men, Bishops, Rooks :
 Why ? all are men : It seems so by their looks :
 They are so serious playing on their game,
 Some for preferment, some for gain, some fame,
 For pleasure some ; some for this, some for that ;
 And some, for neither I, nor they know what.
 Cease man to play for trifles ; I'll shew skill
 In game for prize ; make stakes : lay down *thy will*,
 I'll stake against it an *immortal Crown* :
 The way to win my stake's to lose thine own.
 Ungird the robes of sin that thee infold :
 Cast off thy rags, and banish all that's old :
 Yea, emprt' thy self of sin, to make thee light,
 Nimble to run a *race*, to fight a *fight* :
 But such a race, and fight (with help that's given)
 A child may run, may fight, and purchase Heav'n.
 Cheer up ; resolve ; and thou shalt win the prize :
 Cut off thy hands, thy legs, pluck out thine eyes,
 And cast them from thee : thou the better far
 Shalt fight, run, see, and manage this great war,
 Wherein all *flesh* obstructs : Gods *Spirit* alone
 Must guide thy course, and then the game is won.
 Imploy thy strength, wit, wisdom, policies,
 Thee to assist 'gainst greatest Enemies :
 Their Generals are three, *world, flesh and devil* ;
 These all have many instruments of evil,
 Their under-officers, who lie in lurch
 At home, abroad, in the house, in the Church,

At board, in bed, yea ev'ry where, with eyes
 Most watchful for a time thee to surprisē:
 Nay, they have *Ambuscadoes* laid within thee,
 Self against self suborn'd, thereby to win thee;
 Yet maugre all their cunning, they shall fall;
 Play but the man, and thou shalt foil them all.
 Thou hast a *friend*, in whom put confidence,
 (*Thy elder brother*) long since rapt from hence
 By their fell spite; which plot of theirs un-nerv'd
 Their warlike pow'rs, and for their conquest serv'd;
 For he triumph'd o'er their chief *general*;
 Him tongue-ty'd; manacled his hands withall,
 If thou by *faith* that *friend* canst cleave unto,
 They can have nothing more to say or do:
Nothing to purpose; they may stir, or tempt,
 But never shall prevail; Thou art exempt
 From their enfeebled pow'r: yet strive thou must
 Their false temptations all from thee to thrust;
 Fight them courageously unto the last;
 For from thy *friend* thou this commandment hast,
 Who looks it at thy hands; for though he did,
 And suffer'd, for thee (*that which God forbid*
Should have been left for thee to do, or bear,
For then had all mankind been lost) forbear
 To turn his grace to wantonness; or spin
 Thy *Christian liberty*, to that of *sin*;
 That threed will break: and break the spinster too;
 For though *Christ* did enough, yet we must do
 That little that we can, to shew our faith;
 Faith's dead where there's no fruit (as Scripture saith)
 And he did much, to win our *imitation*
 In second place, though first to work *salvation*.
 March on: march on, brave man! and trample down
 Thy sordid lusts, if thou expect the crown:
 Quench thy incens'd passions; and o'ercome
 Thy loose affections: quick, begin at home

This

This *holy war* : mortifie thy corruptions :
 Then shalt thou fight untoil'd with interruptions
 From inward cause ; when *self* and *flesh* subnits ;
 The *world* and *Devil* assault by weaker fits :
 The home-bred foes are they that most annoy
 Thy fair proceedings, and obstruct thy joy :
 Subdue *self* fully once, and (I dare say)
 The rest will throw down arms, and run away.
 She is thy castle's porter, she lets in
 World, Devil and all, that may provoke to sin ;
 Call *self* forth to the bar, thou needst not try her,
 She's both judg'd and condemn'd : go, *crucifie* her.
 Methinks (as did *Copernicus*) I 'spy
 The world with all her trinkets round to fly
 At that brave sentence, *Satan* sneak away,
 As one that in the field hath lost the day,
 Like black Cur scar'd, with tail betwixt his legs,
 Seeing he sate abroad on addle eggs.
 Walk on, brave heart ! now thou'rt a man indeed :
 Now thou hast done the work ; *no more then need* :
 Hadst not, thou hadst for ever been undone ;
 Run cheerly forth, thou'lt come to Heav'n anon.

An Epigram on the same.

MAn, know thy self, and wherefore thou wert made :
 Not wealth to seek, or make *deceit* a trade :
Deceit's a trade that will deceive at last
 Greatest *Deceivers*, when th'accounts are cast.
 If thou wilt needs *deceive*, deceive thy foes,
 (Who have and do *deceive* thee at thy nose)
 The *devil*, *world* and *flesh*, all three at once :
 I'll shew thee how to do't, if thou have sconce.
 Thou hast two men within thee : (here's the skill)
 Cast out the old, and keep the *new man* still :

This

This *new-mans* sent alone, packs them for ever ;
 'Twill conjure better then *Tobiab's* liver.

Age.

MAn's no stay'd creature : Lo ! he now appears
 Transform'd from what he was : his hoary hairs
 And baldness shew that *winter's* neer, when late
 'Twas but high *harvest*. *Ceres* (out of date)
 Pursues her sister *Flora* on with speed,
 Blow'th to bespeak of her, for next years seed.
 Thus times revolve, and then return ; but *man*
 Review's no more what's past : the strongest can
 But one time have, and but once have that time ;
 To *Platonize*, in Christians is a crime.
Grave Sir ! time present's only in your power,
 The past and future times are none of your :
 You can't the first recal, nor latter tell
 What it shall bring to pass : *this you know well* :
 If you but lose the present, your time's lost,
 Irrevocab'ly gone ; nay more, 'Twill cost
 Your loss of labour, body, soul, and all,
 And that for ever : Oh ! let this appal
 Your subtle heart ; rouse your clogg'd memory
 Time to redeem, lest you eternally
 Rue that neglect : you're wise ; pray therefore weigh
 How your state stands for he that did conveigh
 All to you that you have, or can have here,
 Past it but for *six days*, not for a year :
 Four of the best expir'd, if rightly cast,
Infancy, childhood, youth and manhood past ;
 You now are in the fifth, at *Fryday's* stage ;
 But *Saturday* left for your doating age ;
 And that's half pain, half play, the school-boys maze,
 And old mens too : for then their life's a blaze ;

Like

Like a spent candle, which if let alone,
 Burns dim, then flashes, and is forthwith gone.
 But ah ! look further ; then comes on the day
 That should thy *Sabbath* be ; the day of pay
 'Twill be to all : for all shall have their hire,
 As they *deserve*, though not as they *desire* :
 Who finde it not a pleasure-day of rest,
 Finde it a pain-day not to be express'd.
 Oh then begin to think, and cast about
 With care how to *work your salvation out*.
 I know your care is great those things to save,
 Whereof no use at all you'll shortly have :
 You're penny-wise, pound-foolish : nay, much worse :
 You're body-wise, soul-foolish : *O dire curse !*
 You to advise (as others) were too bold :
 Might jealousy provoke ; since you are old,
 Should I to you, *Put off the old man*, say,
 You'll think I bid you *cast your self away*.
 That's a fond error : pray mistake me not :
 It will not shorten health or life a jot :
 Suppose the worst, if you should thereby die ;
 'Twill screw your life up to eternity.
 Work : work your change : for now the days are neer,
 Of which you'll say in sorrow, pain, and fear,
I have no pleasure in them ; when your sky,
Sun, Moon, and Stars shall dark'ned be on high,
And Clouds shall follow rain, House-keepers tremble,
The strong men bow themselves, and grinders nimble
Through paucity shall cease, the window-peepers
Be dark'ned, and the street-doors shut by keepers ;
When you shall undergo those other woes
 That Isr'el's royal preacher quaintly shows :
Desire shall fail, your dust to earth return,
Your soul to God, your earcase to the urn.
 'Twill be too late to work, when death's dark night
 Hath you envelop'd, robb'd of light, and sight ;

Sure

Sure none defer their work (but thrifless fools)
 'Till *dotage* hath depriv'd them of their tools
 That they should work with : think you he that gave
 Men souls, and bodies, with endowments brave
 To do him service, can contented be
 In his foe's work them all imploy'd to see?
 And take the *Devil's gleanings* ? we such folly
 Would highly scorn : And can our God, most holly
 And wise, be so deluded ? Man, remember,
 Thy yeer is almost past, it's high *December* :
 Work ne'er so hard, who'll give thee a *yeers pay*,
 To work for him 'twixt this and *new-yeers day* ?
 Yet God will do't, if thou wilt faithful prove,
 And serve him in true fear, with frautless love :
 Give him thy *heart* ; and less thou canst not give,
 Nor craves he more : So thou shalt surely live :
Live, beyond date of death, or force of fear,
 Where nothing that offends shall more come near.
 What canst expect thy gain more to advance,
 Then thy life's change, for firm inheritance ?
 Such an inheritance earth ne'er did see :
 Thy *self* thy everlasting *heir* shalt be :
 A better Lord was never tenant had ,
 If thou refuse him, thou art worse then mad :
 He'll make thee co-heir with his own sole son,
 The Lord of Heaven and Earth, and with him one.
Haste, haste ; accept the motion whilst thou may'st :
 'Tis a cheap purchase, whatsoe'er thou pay'st :
 And he expects no more but thy *old clothes*,
 Thy *carnal habiis*, which he likewise lothes.
 But will's thou cast them off ; for he retains
 No servitor, on whom such ragg remains :
 He'll clothe thee in *white Robes* of righteousness,
 Whose glory *Cherubims* cannot express :
 Add to the pow'r he gives but thy endeavour,
 And thou shalt sit inthron'd with him for ever.

Quick,

Quick; shift thy vestments; and go hide thee in
 Those splendid Robes; cast off thy rags of sin:
 Let *lusts* and *passions* a new Master get;
 Speed; lest thou be prevented by Sun-set:
 Now; now's thy time to do't: for who doth know
 Whe'er thou shalt live a minute more, or no?
 This done, thou'lt reap invaluable gains:
 And I'll require but *thanks* for this my pains:
 Nay, if thou give me none, content I'll be,
 He for whose glory 'tis, will pay them me.

Epigram.

GRAY Hair with *graceless* Heart! a gilded tomb!
 Greedy, yet fruitless, like a barren womb!
 It's *Harvest* high, and yet no fruit appears:
 This plague's far worse than *Egypt's* fruitless years:
 Those *Harvests* fail'd, but they had *Grain* in store;
 Here's no *fruit* now, nor hopes of any more.
 Yet sow good *seed*, and plow thy furrows deep:
 And thou shalt reap rich harvest *in thy sleep*.

Dotage.

AH! what a sight is here? a man turn'd child:
 Nay, infinitely worse: with sin defil'd,
 Yet knows it not. See, proud rebellious *Chit*,
 Who vaunt'st of youth, strength, beauty, wisdom, wit,
 Health, and accursed *Policie*! weigh well
 This rue-ful spectacle, which might excel
 Thee in them all in time, but now bereft
 Of all by his own nature's trait'rous theft.
 Thou the same nature hast, of the same mold:
 And may'st be such perhaps ere half so old;
 Oh, pride thee not in these indowments so;
 Thou seest their frailty, how they come and go.

This

This less then man, & worse then child, once thought
 He never should have to this pass been brought,
 Nor can believe he's so : which much augments
 His sad condition : utterly prevents
 His Reformation : makes him doat along
 In Hell's wide rode, with a presumption strong,
 That he's in *Heavens* path, and knows the way
 As well's the best, and scorns to go astray :
 When he no more that way doth know or mind,
 Then *new-born Infants* know, or plod to finde
 The *North-west passage* to the *Indies* hence :
 Howe'er, if you'l him teach, he takes offence.
 Ah wayward, froward, and untoward man
 To God and all that's good ! A *Negro* can
 Leave his black skin unto a snow-white hue,
 Much sooner then man can himself renew.
 It's far more easie to make *Earth* change place,
 Then change corrupted *Nature* into *Grace* :
 'Tis madness to a truce to seek to win them ;
 The quintessence of *Opposition's* in them ;
 Cease therefore, self-deluding-man, to try
 To compass an impossibility
 Rouze up thy soul his pow'rful help to crave,
 Who is Almighty, and alone can save :
 Who only can such change as this effect ;
 And all the fraud of thy false *Heart* detect,
 Whose *will* perverse is greatest foe to grace ;
 Cashier *old Will*, and give *new will* the place.
 This poor anatomy of man doth still
 Retain in height of strength its wonted will,
 (Though totally of other strength depriv'd)
 And would retain that, if it were three-liv'd.
 Oh saddest sight ! Let's view it once again ;
 It's a meer Magazine of grief and pain :
Mortalitie's Memorial here is limm'd
 Full to the life, and with *Death's* shadows trimm'd :

The snuff of man, half in, half out ; if blown
 It seems the quicker, *Is but quicker gone.*
 Once it was man : now a meer living creature,
 Not perfect man, nor beast, of humane feature.
 You'll think I doat, to doatage thus to speak,
 Lest it miss-apprehend me : for it's weak,
 Yet wilful too : of reason quire bereft,
 Almost of *sence* : it hath no *sences* left
 Save *pains-sense*, unimpair'd, few active, now,
 Unless you *lingua*, and *non-sence* allow
 For *senses* too (as some loose wits would have them
 In women) *for their labour e'en be'have them.*)
 Yet I to doaters on my harp may strike
 A note as well's to infants, much alike :
 But i'll speak faire. Father, you ~~he~~ run the ring
 Of nature like a man (or some such thing)
 A child you crawl'd from earth, your mother's womb :
 Now are a child crawling to earth, your tomb :
 You're going whence you came : are what you were,
 Except that innocence, which did appear
 First in your soul, which sin deleted hath,
 And made you the *old man* ; a child of wrath :
 'Twere better far you had continu'd still
 Such innocent : yet I can teach you skill
 How you more innocency may recover,
 If you'll re-act your *childs* *past* rightly over.
weep heartily, and cry for your sins past,
 Neglect of duties, want of true fore-cast
 In your unlawful actions : and desire
 The Gospels milk sincere : *blow* in the fire
 Of that small spark of grace that God affords
 Your half-extinguisht soul, and blaze records
 Of your true zeal, though weak : *hugg* the sweet
 Of divine consolation : *make* attests (breasts
 Of good desires, by lifting up your eyes
 And hands to him that gave them : *let* your cries

Be for the bread of life : *cast off* the toys
 Of this deluding world : *slight* her false joys ;
Allot to alms the treasures earth affords ;
Chaunt out your tuneless songs, your phraseless words
 To his great glory, who such *love* hath shown
 To your poor soul, when you deserved none :
 Play with the babes of grace, and take delight
 In little children ; *such in God's pure sight* :
 If any beat thee, to thy father cry ;
 Thy moan to him brings certain remedy ;
Hang fast upon thy elder brothers neck :
Kiss, kiss the Lamb, his Bride with garlands deck.
 Such plays content the soul : whereas your joys
 Unsatisfying are : yea sinful toys.
Look on the se-ven candlestick's bright lights
 Insite^d in purest gold : joy in such sights :
Reject world's worthless trifles : *catch* the crown
 To thee held forth ; and so in peace *lye down*
 In earth's great cradle, hush'd in silence shy,
 Where earthquakes rock, and windes sing lullaby :
 'Till thy exciting by those trumpets blasts
 Who'll summon dead to life that ever lasts,
 In Resurrections morn ; whose joys transcend,
 Immensely ; voyd of measure, as of end.

The Epigram.

BRave man ! what ^{thought} doating now ? who would have
 Thou to this market wouldst thy hoggs have brought ?
Love is youth's doatage : make thy doatage *love* :
 Then doat on, spare not, on the things above :
 They're worth thy doating on : and thou shalt see
 Thy doatage seeds spring to eternity.

Death

Death.

Great King of terrors ! Sythe-man of the earth,
 Whose harvest rounds the year; thou ne'er hadst dearth
 Since the world first was peopled; nor shalt have,
 Till it unpeopled be : the silent grave
 Is thy head-quarters, where all mankind keep
 Their gen'ral *Rendezvous* lull'd fast asleep
 In equal darkness, yet in quiet rest :
 There's no distinction of the worst from best ;
 Great, small, friends, foes : all undisturbed by
 Of Sympathy void, and Antipathy :
 Lay *Calvin* with *Calvus*, (a popish Priest)
 Their arguments a child may here untwist :
 Put *Alexander* into *Codrus* toomb,
 He'll never juggle for more elbow-room.
Cesar's with *Pompey's* dust will co-unite,
 As well as *Jonathan's* with *David's* might.
 Death is the truest *Leveller*, that smoothes
 The lofti'st turrets with the lowest bootes.
 No controversies in her court arise :
 No titles question'd there in any wise ;
 The *plaintiff* and *defendant* there may ly
 In peace together, with their *Lawyers* by
 Each on both sides : as here perhaps they were
 Much to their prejudice ; but not so there.
 The taxing souldier, and the taxed clown,
 Shall be joynt-tenants when they here ly down
 In sweet, ungrumbling silence : land-lords great
 And tenants poor, shall have a like estate
 In this demesnes : the Emperour, and groom
 Partake without precedency this room.
 No fears, or jealousies disturb their rests :
 No Herauld needs to place this princes ghests,

'Tis a Decree in this great Court alone,
 TAKE PLACES AS YOU COME (or else have
 Yet no distaste is taken, if it hap (none.)
 A *beggar* placed be in *Cesar's* lap.
 Death strikes with equal stroak : lays equal rates :
 All *Adam's* progeny with her are mates,
 More perfect order never yet hath been
 In any Monarch's Court that Earth hath seen.
 Say, Princess great, why is thy look so grim
 To what's *meer man*, being so fair and trim
 To *gracious souls* ? it's but the fear of change
 That makes thee so : And yet (oh wonder strange !)
 Want of change caus'th that fear ; man, hear my breath :
Change but thy self, thou'lt ne'er fear *change* by death.
 Death's visage is a looking-glass, wherein
 Thou view'st thy foul deformity by sin :
 It's guilt of that, breeds fear of death in man,
 Whilst rinsed souls with joy embrace it can.
 See, see (besotted earth-worm) who hast run
 The race of man, and nought but cob-webs spun :
 Sow'd rotten seed : death thy race terminates,
 Cuts off thy warp : thy harvest antedates,
 And makes it dreadful, which might joyful be,
 If thou thy way of safety couldst but see.
 Death is a bond-mark-bridge to Heav'n and Hell,
 On yonder side : On this, to earth as well ;
 Three spacious Kingdoms ; (yea the three and all)
 On this side are two roads which equal fall
 At the bridge-end, the roads of joy and wo,
 And every man in one of them doth go :
 On t'other side, two spacious Inns are built ;
 The one for *innocence*, t'other for *guilt*,
 To entertain the Travellers that pass
 The former roads : In these, a boundless mass
 Of joyes and woes, are treasur'd up in store,
 Where they shall joy, or mourn for evermore :

Both Inns are at Bridge-end on t'other side :

One hath a narrow gate, the other wide :

Whoe'er in either enters, ne'er returns,

But there eternally, or joys, or mourns.

Joy's road is narrow, rough, and thorny : *woe's* (goes.

Broad, plain and smooth, wherein the whole world

Have care to chuse thy path, and rightly judge,

For there's no changing paths beyond the bridge,

But each of all the numerous pilgrims throngs

Lies in that *Inn* that to his *path* belongs,

And there remains for ever : Heed thy walk :

It's of concernment high whereof we talk :

Tread the straight path, then *death* will be thy friend,

And guide thee to *Joy's Inn* at journey's end :

For she presents the ghests in both the places,

And is chief Umpire in all doubtful cases :

For many seem to walk in *way of zeal*,

Whose specious shews do good opinion steal

Ev'n of the best ; Yet (tri'd by death's true test)

Lie down in *sorrows Inn* among the rest :

Others (but few) may seem to walk the ways

That lead to *wo*, whom death at last displays

To be the *joy-house* ghests, who there sit down,

And for their crosses here, enjoy a crown.

Death is both ferry-man and boat, whereby

We launch the Ocean of *eternity* :

The *Poets Charon*, who doth waft alone

Souls to *Elysium*, or to *Acheron* :

It is the *intermitting point* whereby

We *time* divide from *perpetuity* :

Our *time* dies with us, though *time's self* remain

Unto the *time* when we shall *rise* again.

In brief, it's but a *blank* at life's line's end :

To bad men, mortal foe ; to good, a friend :

It's amiable in a faithful eye,

But horrible to *Belial's* progeny.

Fond man! cease death to fear; make right thy heart;
 Faith steeps in *Balsamum* death's surest dart,
 Trans-forms its wounds to cures; for thou shalt live
 Eternally by the wound death doth give.

The Epigram.

PAle Princess! spare thy threats, we know thy force,
 Thou su'st the soul and bodies thort divorce:
 It lasts but one night's rest, *and that's a toy*,
 For in the morning they shall meet with joy.
 Thou wounded'st once our brother, Lord and King,
 And in that wound *drone-like* didst lose thy sting:
 Now thou canst hurt no more; save such mad elves
 As bring thee a new sting to kill themselves.
 'Twere better for them *death* had kept his sting,
 Then they be stung to death by stings they bring,
 Though plain *perire* be a fate past jest,
Pennis perire proprius grave est.

Judgment.

HArk! hark, rebellious man; the trumpet sounds
 Thy judgment-march: the *earth* for fear rebounds:
 Rocks rock: the mountains tremble: all the world
 Is ague-shook: into hearts passion hurl'd:
Tellus keeps open house, the grave's unfraught:
Thetis re-renders up the dead she caught;
 Both now their captives forth to judgment bring,
 Before the throne of *Heav'n's eternal King*:
 They can't detain a dust of good, nor bad,
 But re-deliver must whate'er they had.
 The ratling flames with horrid whirling roar,
 Drink up the Sea, and eat at once the shoar:
 It's quite in vain to mountains now to cry,
 Or rocks to hide: they all like *atoms* fly

Hence

Hence in the beams of fire-light. Oh! *look, look*;
 Sun, Moon and Stars, have Firmament forsook;
 They fall like mellow fruit in blustering storms:
 The spheres are shrivel'd up, and loose their forms.
 The Elements do melt; the fixed Stars
 Fall down pel-mel, as soldiers drop in wars;
 The Heavens can no canopy afford,
 No curtain thee to hide: for (in a word)
 Both *Heav'n* and *earth* are *nonplus'd* at this blast,
 And shall together in new molds be cast:
 Thou'rt past advising now: appear thou must,
 Thy sentence to receive, which will be just:
 That's all thy comfort: and small comfort 'tis
 To those who in this life have done amiss:
 For all accounts shall here be fully cast,
 And each man have full pay for labour past.
 See yonder where the Judges books are come,
 Whereby, he judg's, and will pay all home,
 According as appears by those records,
 Whose counterparts thy own scar'd soul affords,
 And still hath kept, lockt up in *conscience-chest*,
 But now must bring them forth among the rest:
 Both she, and thou, and all know, all is true
 In those records: so there needs no review:
 Sentence will soon be past: the judge will say
 To you of his *left-handed byrd*, *Away*;
 Depart from me, ye cursed, into fire
 That lasts for ever, fitted for your Sire
 The Devil, and his Angels: Oh sad doom!
 Yet ne'er to be revok'd for time to come.
 Wex't but to death, or to *annihilation*,
 The pains would end by senses deprivation:
 But in these torments, *life* and *sense* remain,
 Yet neither *lift*, nor *sense*, save those of *pain*;
 Pains measureless, and endless pour'd on thee,
 Where wronged *mercy*, will most cruel be.

Millions of ages past, thy pains appear
 As far from end, as when thou first wast there :
 Their measure is as much as *Devils* can
 Devise of torment, to inflict on *Man* :
 Or an *Almighty God* can storm on those,
 Who have declar'd themselves his *mortal Foes* :
 There needs no more be spoke : Ah wretched wight !
 Think on this day, before eternal night
 Prevent thy thinking on't, by being in't :
 Fence off the *blow*, before thou feel the *dint* :
 It's true in God's, as well's in Nature's school,
QUIS EXPECTAVIT is a cure-less fool :
 If hearing *man* be told that death is nigh,
 And scorns to heed it, he must surely die.
 Heed, heed thy way of peace, in this thy time :
 Repent each former, shun each future crime :
 Redeem thy time to come : (none can what's past)
 Spend thy first hour, as if it were thy last :
 Think still thou dost the trumps loud summons hear,
ARISE you Dead, to *Judgement quick* appear.
 With penitential water lave the blurs
 That in thy book appear : Make no demurs
 In thy great suit for pardon : get it out
 With restless speed : in thy proceedings doubt
 Lest *Error* be in thy *Original*,
 Or any other *writ* ; and make sure all,
 As thou go'st on : cast often thy account,
 And see to what thy sums receiv'd amount,
 And how expended : what thou see'st amiss,
 Amend in future by more carefulness :
 For past debts, take *Repentances keen knife*,
 And raze them out : then (to avoid all strife)
 Smooth it with *Faith's rough pumice*, o'er and o'er :
 Thy *Creditor* never will charge it more :
 This play seems foul, but is not : though he know
 Thy crafty trick, he loves to have it so :

And

And (though such tricks may Merchants seem to stain
 It both augments his glory, and thy gain.
 Now shall the Earth-amazing *Dooms-day* be
 A day of joy and comfort unto thee :
 Thy hearts chief solace in the saddest fits,
 Whose thoughts might formerly have scar'd thy wits.
 Look how the *chased Hart* desires the *Brooks*,
 The *blind Gods Herd* their living *Idols looks* ;
 As *Mariners* nigh shipwrack'd wish for *shore*,
 Or tyred *School-boys* learning to give o'er ;
 As poor *deserted Souls* for *saith* do long,
 The *faithful* for *Plerophory* : so strong
 Will thy desires, wishes, and longings be
 To see that day, once terrible to thee.
 Thy soul (once thus sublim'd) will ever cry
 With yerning Bowels, *Come, Lord Jesus* ; *Hye* :
 And with the *Spirit* and the *Bride* will say,
Come, come, Lord, quickly, (while it is to day)
 That *Trump* whose very thought the world doth fray,
 Will be thy *Cock-crow* to eternal day.

The Epigram.

S Tout Man ! why quak'st to think on this days sound ?
 Thy fear doth from thy inward guilt redound :
 Sweep clean thy *conscience* : mundifie thy *Heart* :
 Through-captivate thy *will* to his, whose art
 Of love, did thee *redeem* ; thence Judgements *trump*,
 Will cheer thy soul, whose thought now doth it dump :
 At this *Affizes* fear not to appear :
 The *Judge* will read thy *Nick-Verse* for thee here :
 Plead guilty, and condemn thy self before :
 Confess, and so be say'd for evermore.
 Lord, what vast difference herein appear'th,
 Betwixt thy *Laws of Heaven*, and ours of earth !

Hell.

Horrid'st of Creatures ! who wast solely made
 To please *Eternal Justice* : thy black shade
 Abounds with *Contradictions* : freezing fies,
 With torrid chilness ; Infinite desires,
 Void of the least attainments : Howling theams
 Compos'd all of Exordiums : fiery beams
 Flashing, yet light-less. This school's *Alphabet*
 Abjures *Omega* : they who there are met
 To roar out *Palinodes*, and *Elegies*,
 Are still beginning : *Cain* (if there he lies)
 Is no whit farther in his lesson come,
 Then he that last went hence to that sad home :
 Nay, *Lucifer*, grand-pædagogue of all,
 Hath not learn'd *A. B. C.* since his first fall :
 Though our, and his great Master taught him better,
 The Dullard is not yet past the first letter :
 His lesson's now as far from learning out,
 As 'twas when first he troopt the Angel-rout
 Into Rebellion : and the Lesson's dire ;
 'Tis *wo and lamentations*, in a fire
 Tormenting, not consuming : burning still :
 Still killing, yet doth never fully kill :
 Eternal labour, with eternal loss ;
 Unceasing cares, and yet unceasing cross :
 A death-less death, a life-less life remains,
 Which multiplies the terrour of the pains ;
 Measureless, endless, hapless, hopeless fate !
 Whoe'er comes here, findes it *too soon, too late* :
Too soon to sense the pain : but to prevent
 That sense *too late*, since too late to repent.
 Ah, careless, cureless, heedless, headless man !
 Leap not into the fire, out of the pan :
 Whilst here *Afflictions* *Cauld* on thou dost shun,
 Thou darest *Hell*, and so art quite undone :
 Temporal crosses may be better born
 Then those eternal : do not counsel scorn

That's

That's good, and given gratis: strike thy sails;
 Stoop thy *top-gallant*, *will*: 't' nought avails,
 Poor *Sculler*, these to mount in a *Bravado*,
 When he's environ'd with a strong *Armado*:
 If thou stand out, thou'rt sunk and lost for ever:
 Submit, submit: to change thy *will* endeavour:
 Look ere thou leap, thy foot is at pits brink:
 Move but a hairs-breadth forward, thou must sink,
 And sink eternally: see here the *Chasm*,
 Against whose wounds there is no *Cataplasm*:
 Who falls here, wounded is beyond all cure;
 And must beyond all time, his pains endure:
 This Dungeon, hath nor joy, nor rest, nor ease,
 Nor comforts, nor a hope of ought like these:
 But desperation of them, and assurance
 Of perpetuity of pain's endurance.
 View! view, (bewitched man) this place of wo;
Jehovah's Magazine of Terrour: Lo,
 This Den from beatifick Vision is
 Excentrick: quite exterminate from blifs:
 Its Ghosts all captive mourners, who delight
 Each other to torment, and to affright:
 Mutual Assassins, and merciless:
 Unsatiated in fiercest cruelty:
 Whose hideous howlings, raving, roaring cries,
 Gnashing of teeth, loud shrieks, would rend the skies:
 Shake all the earth to shivers: melt proud man
 Into a flood of tears: make beauty wan,
 Strength feeble, and his specious frame dissolve
 To nothing, once to hear them. Oh! revolve
 This frequently in heart, lest *Hell's* dark flame
 (The thought whereof should wildest Mortals tame)
 Prove the first light that gives the sight of sin,
 And sense of second death: when once thou'rt in,
 There's no Redemption: Penance too late,
 Will but increase thy torment, not abate.

Here

Here shalt thou see *Nimrod's* stern progeny
 Tyranniz'd o'er, as they lov'd tyranny ;
 Gygantic *Cyclops* may tormented be
 By *Pygmy* feinds, t'augment their misery.
 The pompous *Dives* there shall not command
 One drop of water from a *Lazar's* hand,
 Nor it obtain, yet begging heartily,
 To cool his parched tongue, although it fry.
Abaddon, and *Apoll'on* here do raign,
 Great Lords of mis-rule o'er the damned train,
 'Mongst whom confusion is the perfect'st order,
 And greatest mercy worse then horrid'st murder :
 Where *Lucifer* and *Beelzebub* now ly,
 Inflicting pains, and pain'd eternally:
 These lapsed Angels, knowing their own fate
 Irrevocable, are incens'd with hate
 Against both *God* and *man* : but wanting power
God to infest, they seek *man* to devour :
 Whom living, they by flattery strive to win,
 But dead, torment most justly for his sin.
 Their first plot is, *Gods* image to deface
 Once stamp't on us; now re-ingrav'd by grace,
 Since our base forfeiture of that great favour
 In *Paradise*, by breach of good behaviour :
 Whilst sweet redemption crush't that curst design,
 They now do re-inforce to undermine
 Us by our neere'st friends, the *world* and *flesh*,
 Yea, *self* on *self* fiercely assaults afresh ;
 And did not an *Almighty* pow'r defend us,
 These our three friends to those our foes would send us.
 Blessed Redeemer! with thy banner shield us ;
 Oh let thy *Spirit* still assistance yeild us
 Against those subtle falshoods, fly devices
 VVhereby *Hell's* regent our poor souls intices ;
 Confound his plots, and by thy grace relieve us,
 And from this dismal dungeon *Lord* reprieve us.

The Epigram.

SEe man thy *creature's creature* ; this curst place
 Of endless torment : thy sweet meats sow'r sawce ;
 Thy honey's gall : house of thy sins foundation :
 Tophet, the cell of thy deserv'd damnation.
 Critical *Atheists* have a question stirr'd,
 VVhere it should be : therero wise men demurr'd :
 But i'll resolve that doubt : whoe'er thou be,
Atheist, approach and feel, draw neer and see,
 And doubtless thou shalt have full satisfaction
 For thy nice question *and each godless action*.
 Thou'rt right i'th' way : no guide needs : yet know
 Death will most surely shew thee where it is. (this,

Heaven.

ETernal Majesty, who here dost reign !
 My *Muse* assistance by thy *Spirit* daign :
 In mercy pardon this my bold adventure,
 The *holiest of holies* thus to enter :
 Oh ! circumsise my heart : my foul lips touch
 VVith thy great Altar's coles, ere I approach
 Thy honour's dwelling : Sanctifie my verse :
 Let this its *Oriano-graphy* rehearse
 Soul-charming strains, that ravish may with love
 My self, and others, of the things above.
 I kiss thy threshold, *Lord*, and so creep in,
 VVhere's no approach for ought defil'd with *sin* :
 Not that i'm pure, but foul : yet purged cleer,
 Lo, *Lord*, my *sacrifice* and *Priest* are here
 At thy right hand of glory, *with thee one* :
 The glory both of thy right hand and throne,
 The wonder of thy mercy, love and grace :
 VVho bears all Heavens joys summ'd in his face :
 The

The *Heav'n of Heav'n*: Men cannot wish more bliss,
 Then to behold thy sacred face, and his,
 Though but a moment: who such sight might have,
 Would hug the silent hushness of the grave;
 Kiss death; yea, woo *Hells* self, on the condition,
 (When time's spent to the snuff) to have fruition
 Of that transcendent joy. Oh grace divine!
 Incomprehensible, save by the *Tri'ne*!
 It forc'd my tongue-ty'd Muse (rapt with delight)
 To stutter forth a far-short Epithite.
Oh su-per-su-per-su-su-per-la-tive
Stupendious Love! Into whose depth to dive,
 Would non-plus *Heav'ns Angelick Hierarchy*;
 VVonder-strike all the *Saints* to Lethargy:
 Yet (as if these essentials of that joy
 VVere too too small for mankind to enjoy,
 Too slight a guerdon for a sinful worm,
 VVhose sting death-stung the *Lord of Life*, whose form
 First most divine, is self-deform'd by guilt)
 God for augmenting circumstantial built
 This *New Jerusalem*, Joys splendid throne:
 A City whose high walls are precious stone:
 Her streets transparent gold: her unshut gates
 Of Orient pearls, all of unvalu'd rates:
 VVhere needs nor *Sun* by day, nor *Moon* by night,
 For *God's* great glory gives eternal light:
 The *Lamb's* the Lamp thereof: within it walk
 Earth's saved *Tribes*, whose musick, and whose talk
 Are *Allclu-iahs*: whose white Robes out-vie
 The purest snow in candor: such no eye
 Of Mortal ever saw; nor heart of man
 Can half conceive: where *Jesus* leads the Van
 Of sacred *Myriades*, host of *Lord of hosts*,
 VVith millions of *Angels* for the posts
 And scouts of that *Cœlestial Army*, grac'd
 VVith many thousand-thousand *Kings*, all plac'd

In thrones of glory, crown'd with endless peace,
 And sceptred with triumphant *Palms* : where cease
 All oppositions to eternity :
 For all their Enemies subdued lie
 Chain'd up in deathless flames, in sulph'ry smother,
 Tormenting, and tormented by each other :
 Doom'd to so horrid and immense a curse,
 As *God* himself can wish his *Foes* no worse.
 But what need *Joys Antipathetical*,
 Where *Sympathetical* drown heart and all,
 In sweet satiety, and pleasing fulness,
 Blessedly void of nauseating dulness ?
 This feast's eates cloy not, ne'er so freely ta'en,
 The Ghests need fear no surfeiting, or bane :
 Yet it's a lasting, everlasting feast ;
 Like free for all, the greatest or the least.
 Here winged *Cherubims* bring in the Ghests
 From all Earth's quarters, after Death's arrests :
 That Vinegar prepares their appetites
 To feed on unexpressible delights :
 For that's Gods wonted way, (as all Saints know)
 Who'll feast above, must taste sowe sauce below.
Afflictions are Preparatives to blifs :
 VWho rightly bear one, rarely t'other miss ;
 I might say, never. Lord ! what fools are we,
 VVhom sense misleads to doat on what we see,
 Hear, feel, smell, taste, with Organs physical ?
 Sense-comforts have Soul-poyson in them all :
 The Spider sucks them thence : and heedless Bees
 Fixing on them, their 'fore-got honey leese,
 And labour too. Avaunt, ! avaunt, dear souls !
 Let *Faith's* bright eye aspire beyond the Poles,
 And view those everlasting Mansions there,
 Void of disturbance, anguish, care or fear,
 Of all that discontents, all that annoys :
 And full refert with boundless, endless joys.

Here

Here the celestial choristers declare
 Their maker's glory, chaunting hymns most rare
 Sweet odes and Epithalamies they'll sing,
 To celebrate the nuptials of their king :
Mount Sion's Lamb, Lyon of Judah's tribe ;
 Whose bless'd inauguration they'll describe
 In soul-amazing notes, that ravish quite
 All ears with sweet excess of choice delight ;
 The Heav'n, and Heav'n of Heavens ring with peals
 Of acclamations at the open'd seals :
 The mystery of God fulfill'd they'll see,
 And joy therein to all eternitie.
 Methinks I hear the most melodious songs,
 The none-such ditties warbled by those throngs :
 My trowing soul transmounts the cast back skies,
 Sensing (in her degree) those rhapsodies,
 Hyper-noetick strains, that quite transform
 My lowly muse into a lofty form :
 Make nature *lethe-drunk* : inflame my heart
 With restless longing there to bear a part,
 Where who the least part bears, shall bear a weight
 Of countless, endless glory, great, yet light :
 A crowning burthen burthenless : who bear
 The *Cross* right here, shall there the *crown* right wear ;
 An *Amarantine Crown* of glory, lasting
 Further beyond, then 'tis to everlasting.
 Lord ! why doth this dull lump of earth detain
 My mounting soul from their consort that reign
 With thee in glory ? I should groan to be
 Dissolv'd, that I thy presence bright might see,
 Whereof a glympse I spy : but sinful flesh
 Still conjures up desires of *life* afresh ;
 Of *life* not worth desiring, now I view
 The difference 'twixt it and this that's true.
 True *life* is only here : our *life* below
 Is but a *mock-life*, meerly *life* in show,

But

But real death. Lord, that I here might stay
 And wait at my Redeemer's feet for aye !
 But ah ! it cannot be ; I must descend
 And re-invested be in flesh, to end
 My task by thee appointed me beneath,
 Till (summon'd by thy Pursevant grim *death*,
 Or judgement's change) I re-appear before
 Thy throne, to be with thee for evermore.
Dear God, in mercy dangers all prevent
 That may assayl my soul in this descent ;
 From sin-defilement keep her pure and free,
 And then thy will be done (O Lord) on me.
 Yet ah ! i'm loath to part : my soul much fear'th
 To fall from highest heav'n, to lowest earth :
 Guide me, and her (Lord) while we there remain,
 And then ere long, we shall return again.

The Epigram.

OH ! what all-dazling lustre's here ? whose bright
 Corruscancy deprives all eyes of sight,
 All tongues of words expressive, and all hearts
 Of comprehensive thoughts ? all these weak parts
 Are stupifi'd hereat : yet this great throne
 Was made for worthless man's fruition.
 What miracles hath *mercy* more to do ?
 What ! forgive sins ! give sinners *heaven* too !
 There needs no more of *mercy* for man's lot ;
 Get *hea-ven*, and get all that need be got.
 Of getting other things learn the forgetting,
 For when *all's* got, *heav'n's all* that's worth the getting.

Valedictio vanitatibus.

Farewel (fond *Cupid*) with thy gamesome pleasure,
 Childhood and youth enchanting
 Whose self-betraying leasure
 Thy pathes of vanity is always haunting,
 And whose fanaticke souls,
 Like *Dotters*, (those foolish fowls)
 Are caught by imitation,
 And train'd to death by doating on the *fashion*.

Honour! Our manhood's bubble and her bauble
 Charming us with vain-glory,
 To seek what is not stable,
 And dare damnation for fame transitory:
Chameleon-like to live,
 By airy praise that others give,
 And slight our souls salvation:
 Farewel, there's danger in so high a station.

Farewel, old Ages folly, cheating *treasure*
 False desire of worldly wife:
 Who crave that past all measure
 Which needles is: What most they need, despise;
 Who Ant-like without rest
 Labour to fill their borrow'd nest,
 Then Cuckoo-like leave unto strangers
 Eggs, nest and all, to finde eternal dangers.

*I must acknowledge the ensuing valedictions to be unto
 more relations then I ever had at one and the same time in
 being: But (ayming to expresse (according to my low power)
 the nothingness in worth of our temporal to our eternal en-
 joyments) at sight of the blessed society above: I have briefly
 and abruptly bid farwel to all below. Amen.* Se-

Sequuntur Quatuordecim Valedictiones Quatuordecimales:

I.

To the World, and its Inhabitants.

Farewel my fellow-citizens of Earth,
 Frail self-like Mortals, made of flesh and blood,
 Whose greatest fear's death, sickness, war, and dearth!
 Though you I love, I'll leave your Neighbourhood:
 For I am bent for new discoveries:
 My faith another world hath in her eye,
 Far situate beyond the azure skies,
 Whose subjects all are Saints; thither go I:
 There shall this drossy flesh and blood (refin'd)
 Immortal grow, and free from all your fears:
 Where (whilst my Saviour's presence cheers my mind)
 My heart shall vent no sighs, my eyes no tears:
 But fill'd with joy, from age to age I'll sing
 Sweet Allelu-iahs to my God and King.

2.

To Europe, and Europeans.

Farewel my worldly fellow-quarterers,
 Plac'd in the Earths Right eye, by grace divine,
 Who gives more knowledge to thy sojourners,
 Then to all quarters else, where *Sol* doth shine;
 Ye are most civiliz'd of all the rest
 Of this worlds pilgrims: though proud *China* boast
 Of her two eyes, compar'd with thee, at best
 She must confess at least one of them lost.
 I must remove my quarters, (though so good)
 For I have took up new beyond the poles,
 Dear-purchas'd by my General's heart-blood;
 To those that quarter there, you're blind as moles.
 There I shall know, as I am known, and be
 Perfect in Knowledge to Eternity.

3.

To Britain, and Britain's.

Farewel dear Country-men, Heav'ns Paramours !
 For God hath choycest blessings heap'd on you
 Beyond all other lands : That Isle of yours
 Earth's *Cornucopia* may be lik'ned to,
 Wherein are all things needful for man's life :
 Plenty of most. But oh ! the means of grace
 By Gospel-Ministers (though now at strife)
 So plentiful in no Land ever was.
 But I must take my leave, lest your dissention
 About the way to life, should error breed
 In my frail heart : i'll therefore (for prevention)
 To everlasting unity with speed.
 To Grace's Crown of glory I ascend :
 What needs the means, when I've attain'd the end ?

4.

To Shire-mates.

Farewel my Shire-mates, whom this Isle's division
 Hath neighbouriz'd to me, and me to you :
 Whose rights have in one Counties Courts decision,
 Peace to maintain, and to give each his due !
 Native vicinity commands my love :
 Yet I must traverse all my actions hence ;
 I'll get out an injunction from above,
 To try at God's tribunal each offence :
 There I a righteous Chancery shall finde,
 Yet have my Judge, my advocate to be,
 And have no costs unto my foe assign'd,
 The Playntiff Satan, who impleaderth me
 On trespasses oft done against the Judge,
 Who will release me : pray then who can grudge ?

5.

5.
To Parishioners.

Farewel Parochial Neighbours, whom this Nation
By custome in one Register inrols,
And hath held of one Church, one Congregation,
And chosen one for Curate of our souls !
These civil ties, and neighbour-hood, endear
You much to me : But I must from you part ;
Amongst you I of Schism and faction fear,
Another Congregation hath my heart ,
Where one-ness indivisible appears,
Whose Curate is the Bishop of our souls,
Melchi-zedech, whose flock is free from fears
Of Wolf, or Fox, of ravenous beasts, and souls,
Yet guarded by a Lamb, whose song we'll sing
With Saints and Angels, till the heavens ring.

6.
To Servants.

Farewel my Servants! for my Covenant
Requires me to départ : mourn not for me ;
For your attendance I no more shall want :
Your Master and mine own I go to see :
I must confess, a truant I have been,
And in his service faith-less, dull and dead :
Yet he hath sworn he'll pay my wages in,
If I but with his only Son will wed.
Serve I him but the twinkling of an eye,
I shall have wages payd eternally :
His Debtor deep and desperate was I,
Who sent his Son to die to ransom me.
Oh love ! stronger then death ! my soul, away,
Make speed, lest thy dear Master for thee stay.

7.

To familiar acquaintance.

Farewel acquaintance ! I'll acquaint you where
 Are better to be got then you and I :
 I'll challenge you to dare to meet me there,
 And promise you rich fare and melody :
Ambrosia, Nectar, and the Poet's cates
 Are husks, and gall, to that celestial fare :
 The *Spheres* harmonious *musick* jars and grates,
 To their Diviner Quavers warbled there :
 Where no associates we so base shall find
 As Earth's most potent King or Emperour ;
 True joy shall fill the body, soul, and mind
 With contentation lasting evermore.
 What poor society doth earth afford !
 Draw up my heart of steel, dear loadstone Lord.

8.

To intimate friends.

Farewel my mind's embosom'd darlings dear,
 'Mongst whom one heart may many bodies serve,
 And act unitely in them all ! It's clear,
 I highly prize your love : Yet needs must swerve
 From hugging your enjoyment : for I'm call'd
 By the great *friend of friends, the god of love,*
 With his triumphant friends to be install'd
 In Love's great Principality above.
 The *King of Kings* commands me : I must hence,
 To more, and greater friends, then Earth affords :
 Detain me not : Nor count this an offence,
 If I cease to be yours, to be the Lords.
 I'll be both his and yours, if you'll his be ;
 And you in him again shall meet with me.

9.

9.
To Brothers, Sisters and Kindred.

Farewel my flesh and blood, my kindred here !
 Our homogeneal parts at first were one,
 'Till rib-made *Eve* made two, (who still one were)
 Millions of millions now in number grown :
 Adieu t'ye all, but most to those most near :
 I have attain'd new consanguinity
 All of my elder Brothers blood (d'ye hear ?)
 Yet not of mine, but of divine affinity :
 A breed of *quondam* men, now glorifi'd,
 Who sing sweet *Requiem*s eternally
 To their inthroned souls : not to be ey'd
 By Mortals opticks ; where the starry Skie
 Their foot-stool is : their seat the glorious flore
 Of his great Throne, that reigns for evermore.

10.
To Father.

Farewel my being's instrumental Cause,
 Assign'd by him from whom all beings flow,
 Who my new Father is, and old one was,
 Ere you were so ! methinks my heart doth grow
 With grief to part : But yet part needs I must
 From all relations that Heav'n's Canopy
 Surrounds, to find the merciful and just,
 Who's Father to us all : whose Progeny
 Are all man-kind : whose wonderful affection
 By his Son's blood redeem'd me : who before,
 Made love sole ground of my poor souls *election* :
 For which I'll sing his praise for evermore.
 Father ! if you are loath I gone should be ;
 Some but to him, you'll surely come to me.

To Mother.

Farewel dear mold, wherein my mortal clay
 First by th' eternal potter formed was !
 In pain that bar'st me nine months night and day,
 And after grievous travel, gav'st me pass
 Into this vale of tears ! thy torments bind
 Me to a boundless love : yet wonder not
 If I now leave thee, for a new I find,
 Who hath me born again since 'twas thy lot ;
 A *mother militant*, who hath prepar'd
 A third *triumphant* for me, who doth dwell
 Where never to approach a foe yet dar'd,
 Above the fear and spite of Earth and Hell.
 Oh let me fly : and haste thee after me ;
 For she to both of us will *mother* be.

To Children.

Farewel sweet implings, quick Epitomes
 Of me and my dear second ! I must leave
 Your lov'd society : death's Writ of Ease
 Doth me remove, yet not of life bereave :
 That's length'n'd by my change : you I commit
 Unto a faithful guardian, yea a *father*
 To me and you, with whom I go to sit
 In everlasting glory : who will gather
 You all to me again, when his time comes :
 Only be faithful to the death, and he
 Will give you crowns of life, when your bless'd homes
 Shall be th'imperial Heaven, where with me,
 With Angels, Saints and Martyr's crowned throng,
 You'll sing for ever *Sion's Lamb's* sweet song.

13.

To Wife.

Farewel my better half, life of my life,
 And sub-celestial comforts ; we must cleave
 One heart in two at parting (dearest wife)
 As we made one of two at meeting : leave :
 Spare those heart-melting cries, those thriftless tears,
 Thy traillies to bewail : in those streams swim
 Home to thy harbour where my faith me bears :
 There my *Bridegroom* and thine doth mansions trim
 For us with everlasting ornaments ;
 With whom we both shall newly marri'd be,
 And raigen eternally fill'd with contents,
 Passing what heart can think, ear hear, eye see.
 I do but go before, and thee expect,
 Among the number of the *Lord's Elect*.

14.

To all Joynly.

Farewel *World, Europe, Britain, native Shire,*
 And *Parish* too, *servants, acquaintance, friends,*
Kindred, with Father, Mother, children dear,
 And dearest *Wife* ! have all contented mindes :
 For I am to so high preferment call'd,
 That (if you lov'd me) you would urge me on,
 To haste away, that I may be install'd
 A death-lesse prince, crown'd *King* by him whose throne
 Is over all : whose Scepter sways at once,
Heav'n, Earth and Hell, with their inhabitants.
 That Triple Crown that girts the pride-puff sconce
 Of Antichrist (who thereof falsely vaunts)
 Is this *Kings* right alone, stil'd in truth's words
 The only *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.*

The Charge.

BRITAIN, thy glory's sunk ; swoln are thy sins,
 To an o'erwhelming torrent, that begins
 Thee to o'erwhelm ; thy erst indulgent God
 Hath turn'd his hand against thee : see ; his rod
 Begins to whip thy follies, whose dread sword
 Did lately fight thy battels : whose pure word
 Made the earth's *Goshen* ; thou begin'st to grope
 In an *Egyptian darkness* ; many hope
 To see th' *unbottom'd pits black mists* o'ercloud
 Thy splendent *Sun* : yea, thy own sons have vow'd
 To put out that great light, to raise thereby
 Their *ignis fatuus* light of phantasie.
 Father of lights, frustrate their curs'd design ;
 The comfort shall be ours, but glory thine :
 Let not the pit's black torches smoke fumes
 Eclipse thy *Sun-shine* here, though he presumes
 To see it so, who is the man of sin,
 Who among us those false fires usher'd in,
 To light us on to darkness : Lord return
 Those fires into his bosom ; let them burn
Mysterious Babylon ; their heat calcine
 The scarlet whore, and beast, to ashes fine :
 Their light discover *Antichrist* to all :
 That they and their false fires together fall
 Quench'd in eternal flames ; and then on high,
 And here beneath, thy Church shall glorifie
 Thy awful name. But (*ah Lord*) we betray
 Our selves to them by sin ; wildely display
 Our nakedness ; and what defects we have.
 Thy hand's not shortned, that it cannot save :
 Nor thine ear heavie, that it will not hear :
 But our iniquities (O God most dear)

Have

Have separated us from thee ; our sins
 Have stockt our feet in their *intangling* gins ;
 Our gross *abominations* in thy sight,
 Have thee provok'd to take from us the *light*,
 That we so long *unworthily* enjoy'd :
Thanklessly too ; which made the favour void :
 Our *disesteeming* of thy *sacred light* ;
 Perverting it to *doctrines of the night*,
 To schisms, and errours, heresies and factions,
 Have justly brought on us these sad distractions :
 And since so many of us dare to scoff it,
 Thou justly may'st hencetorth deprive us of it ;
 Thou may'st *remove our candlestick* to those
 Who'll bring forth better fruit than our *vain shows*,
 Our *painted leaves and blossoms*, which *discrie*,
 Our *faith* but *fain'd*, our *zeal* *hypocrisie* ;
 Provoke thy *patience* to fierce *wrath's* effusion :
 And woo thy *vengeance* to our own confusion.
 But *Lord forbid*, forbid *dear God* the sins
 Of us poor nothings, who have nothing in's
 But sin and folly, ever should out-vie
 Thy boundless mercy ; force thee to *desie*
 Fond weakling worms (*yet thy own creatures Lord,*
Create', Redeem'd, preserved by thy word,
And those whom thou hast lov'd.) Oh rather turn
 Us from our sins to thee (for them to mourn)
 Then thee from us, to view them, and in wrath
 For them to punish : *Lord*, thy mercy hath
 Ways to prevent thy justice ; and can give
Light unto all, that all may *see to live*,
 Hoping to *live to see the gen'ral call*
 Of nations to the light, by *all in all*,
 Who shall have all the glory that redounds
 Eccho'd from Heav'ns and earth's remotest bounds :
 And when all other Kingdoms are o'erthrown,
Power and dominion shall be all his own ;

Which

Which hasten *Lord*, that we may see with joy
 To thine Elect, and to their foes annoy :
 And oh prepare us for that glorious day,
 Turn us from each perverse and crooked way
 Wherein we wander : fit this *Island's* ghests
 For thy bright coming, and for the arrests
 Of death and judgment, that whate'er befall,
 The glory may be thine, joy ours, in all.
 But *Lord*, our sins have at such height o'erborne us,
 That they transcend all Nations past before us :
 It well may make (at sight of our base pride)
Lucifer blush to see himself out-vi'd.
 And we have those, (by usury and oppression)
 Who would wrest Mammon's self out of possession :
Fraud and deceit to such a height are grown,
 That most men it for their profession own ;
 And many more, whose words do it defie,
 Do in their practice give themselves the lie.
Achitophel (if living now) would be
 An ass to most in wicked policie.
Joab a man of mercie would appear
 Among such blood-hounds as have lived here.
 And *Abshalom* a most obedient son,
 Compar'd with ours ; who wilder courses run.
Drunken King Elah would too civil be,
 By far, for modern Roarers companie.
Lot's drunken Incest which he doubled in,
 Have we out-vi'd, as a small venial sin.
 Yea, *Sodomy* is prov'd a puiſne crime :
 For many have committed in our time
Foul Rapes on Beasts, some of the wrong sex too ;
 Nay, acts with Devils, (as mostly witches do,)
 Whose seed's not only *Molech's* sacrifice,
 But *Beelzebub's*, the Prince of scinds and flies.
 And we have those whose concubines are more
 Then *Solomon's* : for all his regal store.

But oh our *female's lust* ! we women have,
 Who, were each hair upon their head a *knife*,
 Would find all wicked work ; who change desire
 To quench th' unsated flames of lustful fire.

Heliogabalus was temperate ;

Nero, a Prince of mercies, to who late (spread
 Have sway'd these Isles. Plague-soars have quite ore-

The body politic from foot to head :

Oppressors swarm ; and brother against brother

Do act the *Devils part* upon each other ;

And by an uncouth way, *sublim'd deceit*

Hath taught the smaller to oppress the great ;

As true as strange, though mostly undescry'd :

For *poorer sort* have (to maintain their *pride*,)

Inhaun'd their price of hire ; yet lessen still

Their daily labour ; *both are what they will* :

No past age heard the like prepost'rous curse,

Bred by *proud heart*, wedded to *beggers purse* :

A subtle down-right theft : yet lawful held ;

Satan hath so this generation spell'd,

Charm'd, and deluded, that most part believe,

It's charity and wisdom to deceive ;

And (truth to say) *the rich* so cruel be,

So voyd of *mercy*, and *humanity*

Towards the poor, that both all conscience smother,

And God doth justly plague them each by other.

Yea, *all degrees* amongst us are *perverted*

From *God and good* ; and grown so *stubborn hearted*,

In their own wayes : So *self-ishly inclin'd*,

So *headstrong, wilful* ; each will have his mind,

Though thereby all should be undone, they knew,

And *universal ruine* should ensue.

Our *Princes* are like Rampant Lyons grown,

Seizing on poor mens right, as if their own :

Their Courts have Theaters of vices been,

Where *Devils incarnate* made a sport of sin :

Where

Where, *pride and luxury, sloth and excess,*
 With *emulation, envy, drunkenness,*
 And *hypocritick flattery*, was taught,
 Yea where *mens blood* was often sold and bought :
 Where *God's name* was *prophan'd*, his *worship scorn'd*,
 Or *mingrelliz'd* by those the *beast* suborn'd
 To puddle our pure streams, and turn their course
 From *truth* to *errour*, and from that to *worfe*.
 Our *Peers* have been like *Judahs Peers* of old,
 When *Joash* reign'd ; of whom thy word hath told,
 That they by *flatteries* the *King* seduc'd
 From thy true *worship* (*which before he us'd*)
 To *groves* and *Idols* : and not to attend,
 VVhen *God* to him his *prophets* oft did send ;
 They have been *proud, luxurious, avaricious,*
 And prone to *bribery*, extreamly *vicious*,
 In all their ways : a *Peerage* fitter for
 The *commonwealths* of *Sodom*, or *Gomorrb'*,
 Then for a *Christian state* : and *God* hath now
 For their great *sins* enforc'd their *pride* to bow.
 Our *Priests* have been *blind watch-men*, *nothing knowing*,
Dumb dogs that *cannot bark* (yet *always crowing*)
 In *sleep* delighted, and so *sleeping lie*,
 Whilst their *neglected flocks* do *stray* and *die* :
 As *greedily dogs*, that *ne'er enough* can have,
 They look *all their own way*, how they may save
 For their *advantage*, and their *purposes* :
 And *mutually provoking* to *excess*;
 Crying, *Come, we'll bring wine*, and we will fill
 Our *selves* with *strong drink*, till our *bellies swell* ;
 And having *spent this day* in *jollity*,
 Much more *abundant* shall to *morrow be*.
 Yea many (if not *worse*) have been as bad
 As any *prophets Jezebel* ere had.
 VVhen *God* a *sad decree* pronounc'd the while
 Against his *person*, and his *projects vile*,

They sent their King by their base flattery,
 And lies, to *Ramoth-Gilead*, there to dy :
 Who would not notice take of *Micah's* word
 (When he not long had reign'd) sent from the Lord ;
 Although he had receiv'd express directions,
 Not to be led by such false prophets fictions :
 And many other prophets cunningly,
 Preach up *division* for *divinity* ;
 Vent *schisms*, and *errours*, *fantasies* of men,
 For *divine truths* : but I'll instruct my pen
 In brief to tell whence these instructors come :
 They're *Seminaries* sent us forth from *Rome* :
 And (wer't not that our sins them here detain)
 We'd send them with the mischief back again,
 Or give them to the fowls of Heaven here,
 For a sweet meal of politick good cheer.
 Our judges who our seats of justice fill'd,
 More in *corruption*, then in *law* were skill'd,
 Unless in wrestling it to base by-ends,
 To vex their *honest-foes*, please their *knave-friends* :
 The proverb prov'd true here, *birds of a feather*
 Did (by the help of angels) *hang together* ;
 Had man's help but at *Tyburne* hung them so,
 I had sav'd these *Isles* much *blood* and *treasure* too :
 And, as a *mighty torrent* breaking out
 From *mountains top*, frets every side about,
 And drowns the *vales* with its im-poison'd streams ;
 So did *injustice* dart her lightless beams,
 And pour her floods from those high courts, about
 On all the lower courts the land throughout.
 Mayors, Justices of peace, and Constables,
 With under-sh'riffs, and all the lower rabbles
 Of officers, in this great Isle were grown
 Corrupt ; yea many to take *bribes* did own
 In face of *justice* ; *daring impudence* !
 Enough to make Heaven blush at the offence,
 And

And pour down thunder-bolts of indignation,
 To root for ever hence our Name and Nation,
 To puff us off like th'atoms of a feather,
 And sodomize us into Hell together.
 Shalt thou not visit Lord for this? and be
 Aveng'd on such a Nation as are we?
 It's more then miracle we being have
 On this side Hell, at least this side the grave:
 It's thy meer mercy Lord. Oh give us sense
 Of thy forbearance, and our own offence.
 Oh that my lines (like *Jonah's* crying) could
Ninivitize our hearts; our souls new-mould;
 Wrest cries from *man*, and bellowing from *beasts*;
 Charm us from daily food, and nightly rests,
 Till thou be pleas'd to hear, and hearing see,
 And seeing heal, our plague-sick malady,
 Our *sin-sick* State, and to reform our ways,
 And send us truth and peace, and we thee praise.
 But Lord, we in our *wilfulness* go on,
 Just as our *Fathers* have before us done;
 They ate *sowre grapes*, our teeth are set on edge
 With eating *sowrer*; for none can alledge
 Our God unjust: thou long since prosper'dst us
 A way of peace; but we (grown mutinous)
 VVould walk our own: and thou mayst justly send
 Our froward ways a fatal journeys end.
 VVe heard a voice behind us plainly say,
 Let God elect with you, this is your way,
 Walk in't and prosper; yet we still will choose
 Members, whose discord will the body lose,
 Unless thy grace prevent: for we are running
 A way chalk'd out by thine, and our most cunning
 And mortal foes: a way devis'd at Rome,
 VVhich will these lands to desolation doom;
 Our bodies to sharp sword, and famine thin:
 Our souls to utter darkness for our sin:

Deprive us of thy *candlestick* that live,
 And to posterity *dark Lanthorns* give,
 To guide in pathes of death : and to deceive
 Our progeny *false Gospels* to believe,
unless thy grace prevent. Bless'd God, arise,
 And let thy *foes* be scatter'd, that despise
 And persecute thy truth and people thus :
 Draw us to thee, and be thou GOD WITH US.
 Cease our *divisions* ; chase all *schisms* and *errors* :
 All *Heresies* and *Ath'ism*, hence with terrours ;
 And with *confusion* unto those that *broach'd* them,
 And *recantation* to those that *approach'd* them :
 Let *Reformation* true at last come in
 To our distracted Church and State, which *sin*
 Hath long kept off : let *love*, with *truth* and *peace*,
 And blessed *union*, daily more increase
 In these distressed lands ; chase hence the swarms
 Of *black-pits locusts*, whose inveigling charms
 Dicoromize the world, whose industry
 Makes *King* fight *King*, and *men* make war with thee.
 Lord, let eternal *mercy* turn us thus
 From all our *sins*, and all thy *wrath* from us :
 For none but thine Almighty hand can cure
 Our desp'rate wounds : thy *enemies* make sure
 Shortly to sway *these lands* ; and therewithal,
 To ruine thy reformed Churches all :
unless thy grace prevent. Help Lord at need ;
it's in the mount, it's time thou help indeed :
 For *vain* is *mans false help* : we fools have try'd
 By *Egypt's friendship* to be fortifi'd,
 Whose *broken reeds* have pierc'd our heedless hands,
 And drawn thy *judgments* on these sinful lands ;
 Avert them Lord, and turn us unto thee,
 Thy *fury* just from us ; *else lost* are we.
 Thy stock of wonted mercies we have spent :
 And are undone, *unless thy grace prevent.*

We set up Princes (Lord) but not of thee :
Rulers whom thou know'st not, who'll fatal be
Unto this land, and make us soon repent
Our foolish choice : unless thy Grace prevent,
Oh let the BRANCH spring forth and bud, and bear,
(If thou so will'st) whilst we are pilgrims here :
The birth is at wombs mouth : Oh God, help strength,
To bring that bless'd production forth at length,
Which our sins keep obstructed in the womb ;
And let the Son of David's Kingdom come.
But our great crimes defer that blest event,
And urge thy wrath : Lord, let thy Grace prevent.
Prevent our just-deserved ruine, Lord :
Let love obliterate our crimes abhor'd :
Recruit our stock of grace so vainly spent ;
And our just fears, Lord let thy grace prevent.

Anglia

Anglia Omen.

OH stupid England! how hath S. befool'd thee;
 Not to give ear to what thy G. hath told thee?
 But to F. P. thou willingly canst hearken,
 Which will (I fear) thy brightest glory darken.
 E. and D. fight (like fools) by J. deceived
 To make S. sport; unless by G. relieved.
 G. chalk'd thee out a way: yet thou refusest
 Therein to walk; his mercies thou abusest;
 Pervert'st the means of grace to schism and faction;
 Wrest'st prosper'd peace into perverse distraction.
 P. E. is spil'd, whence P. in mirth exceedeth,
 Whil'st P. spoils P. the heart of C. C. bleedeth:
 And thou still glorying in thy shame abidest;
 Sweet mercies scornest; judgments fierce deridest:
 Exceed'st in pride, oppression, blood, and thieving,
 Excess, and bold profaneness: never grieving
 For all thy horrid acts, whose exclamation
 Rings up to Heav'n, and croaks thy desolation:
 For which thy crimes, one of these are attending,
 Thy soon repentance, or thy latter ending.

It is not to me unknown that divers exquisite pens have
 poetically translated the following Lamentations; whose la-
 mourous I honour, and aym not herein to detract from; nei-
 ther strive I to claw mans ear, or tickle his fancie: but
 have (as neer as I was enabled) kept the very words of the
 Text it self in our most usual English Translations (hoping
 the divine gravity, and interwoven plainness of that stile,
 may prove powerful above all mans ingenious flourishes
 hereon) as fitting best the parallel times and people, where-
 in, and for whom they were first written. Amen.

L

Hodie

Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.

Let Jury Britain's warner be :

Let Jebus London teach :

That we Gods ways may heed and see,
whilst Jews to English preach.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah in metre.

CHAP. I.

Vers. 1. **H**OW doth the thronged City sit desert ?

How art thou widowed, (O thou) that wert
The great among the Nations, Princess took
Of Provinces ; and now in tributes yoke ?

2. Her nightly tears make torrents o'er her cheeks :
In vain she comfort from all lovers seeks :
Her friends perfidious all, are foes become.

3. *Judab's* gone captive from her native home ;
Because of servitude, and great affliction :
Among the Heathen she finds no refecti'on :
Her persecuters 'twixt the straights o'ertake her :

4. *Zions* wayes mourn since solemn feasts forsake her :
Her Priests do sigh ; her gates are desolate ;

5. Virgins afflicted ; She in bitter state :
Her foes are chief, and prosper ; for the Lord
Hath her afflicted for her most abhorr'd,
And multipli'd transgressions : and her Sons
Her enemies led captive all at once.

6. All *Zions* Daughters beauty is departed :

Her Princes are like Harts in pasture thwarted,

7. As finding none : and they are strengthless gone

8. Before pursuers. *Jebus* now thinks on

He

Her pleasant things (in days of old enjoy'd)

By miserie's afflicting hand made voyd:

Her Sons slain in the hands of enemies,
Quite helpless; foes her Sabbaths did despise.

Jerusalem hath sinned grievously;

Therefore removed, of her friends cast by,

Who saw her shame: she sighs & backward turns:

o. Her filth is in her skirts, and she adjourns

The day of her last end: whence she descends

To wonderment; yet voyd of cheering friends.

Lord, view my sorrow; for the foe doth boast,

1. And snatch our pleasant things we value most.

She in her Temple sees the Heathen Nations, (ons,

Whom thou forbid'st t'approach thy Congregati-

2. Her people sigh, and seek their bread; they give

Their pleasant things for food them to relieve.

See Lord, consider; for I vile am grown.

3. Is it to you as nothing? have yee known

(O all by-passers) any grief like mine?

In his fierce angers day by sacred Trine

4. Afflicted? fire from Heaven he hath sent

Into my bones; his net spread with intent

My feet to trap: Yea, he hath turn'd me back,

And made me faint and desolate alack. (ons,

5. His hand hath bound the yoke of my transgressi-

Which wreathed mount, & cause my neck's oppressi-

My strength he made to fall; he gives me over (ons:

Into their hands, from whom I can't recover.

6. In me he trampled on my men of might:

Assembled those that crush'd my young men quite:

As in a wine-press he *that wears Heav'n's crown*

The Virgin *Judah's* Daughter hath trod down.

7. For this I weep: mine eye, mine eye fleets on;

Because from me the Comforter is gone,

That should relieve my soul: And desolate

My children are; 'cause those prevail'd that hate

18. All comfortless, *Zion* spreads forth her hands ;
Concerning *Jacob*, God his foes commands
To hem him round ; and poor *Jerusalem*
Is as a menstrous woman made by them.
19. The Lord is righteous ; for against his Laws
I have rebelled : Oh ! I pray you pause,
All people hear and see my sorrow, bred
By my young men, and Virgins captive led.
20. I call'd my lovers, but they me deceiv'd ;
My Priests and Elders were of life bereav'd
In City, while they sought meat for relief.
21. Behold (O Lord) me in distress and grief,
My bowels vexed, and my heart is quelled :
Since against thee I grievously rebelled :
The sword abroad bereaves, and death at home.
22. My foes have heard i'm comfortless become,
And that I sigh in trouble : They rejoyce,
That thou hast done it : Lord, thy sacred voyce
Hath call'd a day, which thou wilt bring to be,
And they shall then be all like unto me.
23. Look on their wickedness, and them reward,
As thou hast me for my transgressions, Lord :
For many are my sighs, and numerous ;
My heart is faint for thy afflicting us.

CHAP. II.

- Vers. 1.* **H**OW hath the Lord in anger covered
Poor *Zions* Daughter, with a cloud o'er
'And cast from Heaven (*his imperial City*) (spread
Down to this dunghil earth, the splendid beauty
Of *Israel*, and calls not now to minde
His foot-stool in his day of wrath assign'd ?
2. The Lord hath swallow'd up all *Jacob's* Tents ;
And pitiless in *Judah's* holds made rents,

And brought them to the ground : he hath defil'd
 The Kingdom, and the Princes all exil'd.
 In his fierce wrath he hath cut off *Israel's* horn :
 His right hand from foes presence back is born :
 'Gainst *Jacob* like a flaming fire he burneth,
 Which round about devoureth and o'erturneth.
 His bowe he foe-like bent : with his right hand
 He stood as adversary ; with death fan'd
 All those that pleasant were, unto the eye,
 In *Zions* daughters Tabernacle high :
 He pour'd his fury forth like flaming fire.
 The Lord was foe, and swallow'd in his ire
 All *Israel*, her palaces, and all
 Strong holds; and mourning hath increas'd withall,
 With *Judah's* daughters wo : with violence:
 His Tabernacle he remov'd from thence,
 Even as a garden ; and destroyed rests
 The place of his assembly : solemn feasts,
 And Sabbaths he hath caus'd to be forgot :
 In *Zion* King and Priest he heeded not,
 In his wrath's indignation. God hath cast
 His Altars off, abhorr'd his Temple wast ;
 Her Palace-walls, he gave up to her foes :
 By them a noise in the Lord's house arose,
 As in a solemn feast : God purpos'd hath
 Destroying *Zion's* daughter's wall in wrath :
 He hath stretch'd out a line ; neither withdraw'd
 His hand from ruining : he therefore made
 The rampart, and the wall both to lament ;
 They languish'd joyntly both in discontent.
 Her gates are all interr'd ; her bars are broke ;
 Her King and Princes under Gentiles yoke ;
 The law is fled. Prophets no vision see.
 And *Zions* daughters elders silenc'd be,
 Sitting on ground, dust-headed, sack-cloth-girt :
Jebs her Virgins hang down heads in dirt.

11. Mine eyes do fail with tears ; my bowels vex'd ;
 My liver poured out on earth, perplex'd
 For the destruction which my people meets :
 Children and sucklings swoon in City-streets.
12. They ask of Mothers corn and wine ; and swooned
 As those that in the City-streets are wounded ;
 VVhilst in their mothers bosoms thus they cry'd,
 They poured out their souls, expir'd and dy'd.
13. VVhat thing shall I to witness take for thee ?
 To what by me may'st thou compared be ?
14. (O daughter of *Jerusalem*) what shall
 I equal to thee, that I may let fall
 Some drop of comfort, thy sad soul to chear,
 O Virgin *Sions* daughter ? it is clear,
 Thy breach is Ocean-like in magnitude :
15. Who can thee heal ? thy Prophets have seen rude
 Vain, foolish things for thee ; would not display
 Thy sins, thy captive state to turn away ;
 But have for thee seen burthens false, and causes
16. Of banishment. By-passers all make pauses,
 Clap hands, and hiss, and wag their heads at thee
 Daughter of *Jebus* ; crying, Is this she,
 Beautie's perfection term'd ? joy of the earth ?
17. Thy foes all gape against thee ; and in mirth
 Hiss, gnash their teeth : now certainly (they say)
 VVe have her swallow'd up ; this is the day
 VVe looked for, which we have found and see :
18. God hath what he devised done, and he
 Fulfilled hath his word of old commanded :
 He hath thrown down, not pit'd, and hath banded
 Thine enemies against thee to rejoyce,
 Set up thine adversaries horn and voice.
19. Their heart unto thee (Lord) aloud did cry :
 O wall of *Sions* daughter ; from thine eye
 Let tears run down (like rivers) night and day :
 And give thy self no rest, thine eyes no stay.

10. Arise; make nightly cries, when watch begins;
 Pour out thy heart (like water) for thy sins
 Before God's face; and lift thy hands on high
 To Him, for thy young babes that fainting lie
11. On top of every street. O Lord, behold;
 Consider to whom thou hast done what's told:
 Shall women eat their fruit? a span-long child?
 Prophet and Priest be in the Temple kill'd?
12. The young and old lie groveling in the streets;
 The sword my virgins, and my young men meets;
 Thou in thy day of wrath hast slain them all:
 Thou hast them kill'd, and let no pity fall.
13. Thou summon'd hast (as in a solemn day)
 My terrors round about, that none away
 In thy wrath's day escaped, or remain'd:
 The children that I swaddled, and train'd,
 Brought up and cherish'd, (and to keep presum'd)
 My mortal enemy hath all consum'd.

CHAP. III.

- Vers. 1* I Am the man that hath affliction seen
 2. By his wrath's rod. By him led have I been
 Into obscurest darkness; (*grief to tell*)
 But not into the light (*save that like Hell.*)
3. Surely against me is he turned right:
 His hand is turn'd against me day and night.
4. He hath made old my flesh, and skin; and spilt
5. My broken bones: He hath against me built.
 With gall and travel he hath compass'd me.
6. (Like dead of old) in the dark places he
 Me set: He hath me hedged round about:
7. Made my chain heavy; that I can't get out.
8. My pray'r he shuts out, when I shout and cry.
9. He curv'd my paths, and wall'd my ways up high.

10. VVith squared stone. He was a bear to me,
Lying in wait: and lyon-like was he
11. In secret place. My wayes he turn'd aside;
And into pieces he did me divide;
12. And made me desolate. He bent his bowe,
Made me his shafts-mark, so to shoot me through:
13. He caus'd his quiver's arrows in my reins
14. To enter deep. And in their merry veins,
Distressed I, the people's laughter was,
15. And song all day. He me hath fill'd (*alas*)
VVith bitterness, with wormwood made me drunk.
16. VVith gravel stones my teeth he broke, and sunk
17. Me under ashes. And far off from peace
My soul thou hast remov'd: In me doth cease
18. Prosperitie's remembrance. And I said,
My strength and hope is from the Lord decay'd.
19. Recording mine affliction, misery,
20. The wormwood and the gall: my soul (still thy)
In their remembrance humbled is in me.
21. This I re-call to minde, and thence hope see.
22. 'Tis the Lords mercy we are not o'erborn;
23. 'Cause his compassions fail not: Ev'ry morn
They are renew'd; great is thy faithfulness.
24. My soul doth say the Lord my portion is;
25. Therefore I'll hope in him. The Lord is good
To them that wait for him, to souls that woo'd
26. His face. It's good for man to hope and wait
27. The Lords salvation quietly, (though strait)
28. The youth-born yoke is good, which having born,
29. He sits in silence still. And doth adorn
His mouth with dust; if so there hope may be.
30. He gives his cheek to smiters, fill'd is he
31. Full with reproach: for God will not for aye
32. Cast off. And (though he causeth grief to day)
He will compassion have, according to
33. His mercies multitude. God doth not do

That

That willingly, that may afflict or grieve

34. The sons of men ; to crush (*and not reprieve*)
35. Earth's pris'ners under feet ; to turn awry
The right of man before his face most high.
36. The Lord approves not to subvert man's cause.
37. Who's he that saith, and it doth come to pass
38. When God commands it not ? Both good and ill
Proceed they not out of the Lords mouth still ?
39. Wherefore doth man complain ? man for his sins
40. Just punishment? Let's search, and try what's in's,
41. And to the Lord return : to God in heaven
42. Let's lift our hearts and hands : for we have even
Transgress'd, rebell'd, and pardon thou gav'st none.
43. With anger thou hast covered alone,
And persecuted us : thou hast us slain,
44. And hast not pitied. Thou dost detain
Thee in a cloud, that our prayers should not pass.
45. Thou hast us made as the off-scowring : as
46. Refuse in peoples mid'st. And all our foes
47. Open'd their mouths against us : fear, snare, woes,
Destruction, desolation on us lie.
48. Rivers of tears do run down from mine eye,
For the destruction that is come upon
49. My peoples daughter : Mine eye trickleth down,
And ceaseth not, without all intermission,
50. Till God look down from heav'n on her condition,
51. And it behold. Mine eye affects my heart,
Because of all my cities daughter's smart.
52. Mine enemies me chased very sore,
(Ev'n like a bird) without a cause wherefore.
53. They have cut off my life ; in dungeon throw'd
54. A stone upon me. And the waters flow'd
Over my head : I am cut off, (said I)
55. And in low dungeon on thy Name did cry.
56. O Lord, thou hast me heard ; hide not thine ear
57. At my sad cry and breathing. Thou drew'st near
I th'

- I'th' day that I did call on thee, and said'st
 58. Fear not. O Lord, thou my souls causes plead'st :
 59. Thou hast redeem'd my life. Thou see'st my wrong;
 60. Judge thou my cause. Thou hast seen all along
 61. Their vengeance and their thoughts against me.
 Hast their reproaches heard (O Lord) and how (Thou
 62. Against me they imagine ; lips of those,
 And their device, that up against me rose
 63. All day. Behold their sitting and their rising ;
 64. I am their musick. Lord, for their devising,
 Render them recompence, according to
 65. Their handy-work. Give them heart-sorrow, wo,
 66. Thy curse unto them. Persecute, destroy
 In wrath them from beneath thy throne of joy.

CHAP. III.

- Verf. 1.* **H**OW is the gold come dim ! the fine gold (chang'd
 In each streets top ! the Temples stones (e-
 1. *sonns* 2. Are poured out. How Zions pretious stones (strang'd)
 To fine gold comparable, are at once
 Esteem'd as earthen pitcher, potters creature !
 3. Ev'n dragons draw the brest, and give by nature
 Suck to their young : my people's daughter is
 Cruel become, like to the ostriches
 4. In wilderness. For thirst the suckling's tongue
 Cleaves fast to his mouth's roof ; the children young
 5. Ask bread, and no man breaks to them. They that
 Fed delicately, are now desolate :
 I'th' streets the scarlet brood dunghils embrace.
 6. My peoples daughters punishment takes place
 Of Sodom's sin's high punishment, o'erthrown
 In moment, when on her stay'd no hand known.
 7. Her Nazarites purer then snow, more white
 Then whitest milk, in body ruddy, bright

- More then the rubies were, their polish'd hew
 8. Was saphire ; and their visage now we view
 Blacker then coal : in streets they are not known :
 Their wither'd skin cleaves fast unto the bone :
 9. It's stick-like 'come. They whom the sword hath
 Are better then whom hunger rid of pain : (slain,
 For these pine thorow-struck for field-fruits want.
 10. Pittiful womens hands have in the scant
 Sodden their children, they their meat were after, ;
 In the destruction of my peoples daughter.
 11. The Lord his fury hath accomplished,
 He hath pour'd out his anger fierce, kindled
 A fire in *Zion*, and it her foundations
 12. Devoured hath. Earth's Kings and all the Nati-
 O'th' world, would never have believ'd the foe, (ons
 And adversary enter should into
 13. *Jerusalems* gates. For her Prophet's crimes,
 And for her Priests iniquities, (oft times)
 That in the mid'st of her just mens blood shed :
 14. As blind men in the street they wandered ;
 With blood themselves polluted, so that men
 15. Could not their garments touch ; they cryed then,
 Depart, it is unclean, touch not, depart,
 When they did flie and wander ; they (*with smart*)
 Among the heathen said, They shall no more
 16. There sojourn. The Lords anger hath full *rose*
 Divided them ; he'll them no more respect :
 The Persons of the Priests they quite neglect :
 17. They favour'd not the elders. As for us,
 Our eyes for our vain help yet failed thus
 In watching ; we have for a Nation watch'd
 18. That could not save ; our steps they hunt, & catch'd,
 That we can't walk the streets ; our end is neer,
 Our days fulfilled are, our end is here.
 19. Our cruel Persecutors are more swift
 Then Heavens Eagles : they had us in drift

Upon

- Upon the mountains ; for us they laid wait
 20. In wilderness. In their pits, by their bait,
 Our nostrils breath, the Lords anointed was
 Surpris'd, of whom we often said (*alas*)
 Under his shade 'mongst heathens live shall we.
 21. Rejoyce, O *Edom's* daughter, and glad be
 Who dwel'st in *Uz-land* ; but the cup pass shall
 Thorow to thee ; and thou shalt drunken fall ;
 22. And make thee naked. *Zions* daughter (*high*)
 The punishment of thine iniquity
 Accomplish'd is ; he will no more thee carry
 Captive away. O *Edom's* daughter *wary*,
 The Lord will visit thine iniquity :
 He will thy sins discover and descry.]

CHAP. V.

- Verf. 1.* O Lord remember what upon us comes ;
 2. Consider our reproach. Behold, our
 Are turn'd to aliens, our inheritance (homes
 3. To strangers ; we are fatherless, orphans :
 4. Our mothers widowes are. We drunk our water
 For money, wood is sold unto us after.
 5. Our necks are under persecution :
 We labour, and of rest have no fruition ;
 6. To *Egypt*, and to *Ashur*, hands we gave,
 That we to satisfie us bread might have.
 7. Our fathers sin'd, and are not : we bore their
 8. Iniquities : servants our rulers were,
 And none out of their hands delivers us.
 9. Getting our bread, our lives are perilous,
 10. Because of wildernesses sword. Our skin
 Was ov'n-like black, because of famine thin,
 11. But terrible. In *Zion* ravish'd they
 The women, and by force with maydens lay

12. In *Judab's* Cities. Princes hang'd appear
By their fierce hands : the elders faces were
 13. Nor honoured. They made the young men grinde;
The children fall under the wood *behinde*.
 14. The elders from the gate have ceas'd; young men
 15. From musick : our heart's joy is ceased, when
 16. Our daunce is into mourning turn'd. The crown
Off from our head is likewise fallen down :
 17. Wo unto us that we have fin'd. For this
Our eyes are dim ; for these our heart faint is :
 18. Because of *Zions* mountain desolate,
 19. The foxes walke on it. Thou Lord in state
Remain'st for ever ; and thy throne is set
 20. From age to age : why dost thou us forget
For ever, and so long forsake us ? see ;
 21. Turn us to thee, and we shall turned be :
Return our days as in the time of old.
 22. But thou, O Lord (*as if thy love grew cold*)
Hast utterly rejected us : thou art
Exceeding wrath against us (*hence we smart.*)
-

Confessio & Petitio.

I.

GOD hath chalk'd us out a way
 Leading unto *peace* and *life* ;
 We rebellious run astray,
 In the pathes of *death* and *strife* :
 Did not *mercie* us preserve,
 VVhat we chuse, we best deserve :
Peace and *Life*, we loath and *wave* :
Death and *Strife* we love and *have*.
 Turn us, Lord, or we shall never
 Turned be, but stray for ever.

2.

Thou to us, Lord, hast made known,
 What shall in the end bring *peace*,
 VVhen the *Rule* shall be thine own,
 And all *Gyanny* shall cease :
 VVhen all *Pow'rs* on earth that be,
 Shall depend alone on thee,
 VVhen the Lord shall *peace* compose :
 But we still thy ways oppose.
 Turn us, Lord, or we shall never
 Turned be, but stray for ever.

3.

When thou shalt our *Rulers* chuse,
 Who can doubt of happy dayes ?
 Since no people ere did lose
 Ought by walking in thy wayes ?

Oh that we that time might see,
 When we shall be rul'd by thee !
 Hasten it, Lord, and let it come ;
 But we still do stray and roam,
Turn us, Lord, or we shall never
Turned be, but stray for ever.

4.

We in *changes* run our course,
 Not to *change* from bad to good :
 But to change from bad to worse,
 Though by thee to better woo'd.
 Since in *changes* we delight,
 Lord, direct our *changes* right,
 That from bad to good we *change* ;
 And us from our sins estrange.
change us, Lord, or we shall never
changed be, yet change for ever.

5.

Can a Blackmore change his skin ?
 Or a Leopard his spots ?
 Then may we forsake our sin,
 Which accustom'd us before,
 And allures us more and more
 To worse courses then before :
 So impossible a change
 Unto man, to Thee's not strange.
change us, Lord, or we shall never
changed be, yet change for ever.

6.

We are froward, and perverse,
 Cross to thee in all our wayes,
 Prone to bad, from good averse,
 Cold in prayers, thanks, and praise :

Faith

(160)

Faith is bashful ; *hope* too bold ;
Charity benum'd with cold ;
Conscience in a *Lethargy* ;
All *religion* like to dy.
Change us *Lord*, or we shall never
Changed be, yet *change* for ever.

7.

Thine Almighty hand alone
Can this pow'rful *change* effect,
To make supple hearts of stone,
And their secret depths detect,
Whose meandred windings lie,
Intricate, beyond our eye :
And in us no pow'r is left,
Since thereof by sin bereft.
Turn us, *change* us ; else we never
Shall be *turn'd*, or *chang'd* for ever.
Change us, *turn* us ; then shall we
Truly *turn'd* and *changed* be.

Amen.

Post-

Postscriptio : sed Præmonitio.

B *Ritain!* thy sins have stupifi'd thy sense
 Of sin, of danger, though not purse-expence :
 There thou'rt too quick of feeling : 'ware the trash
 Thou striv'st to keep, prove not thy fatal lash.
 Thou'rt *blind* ; and *seest* not sweetest *mercie's* guide
 In thy sweet way of peace : wilt not confide
 In men or means that God hath rais'd for thee,
 As instruments of thy felicity.
 Thou'rt *deaf* ; yea, wilful *deaf* : and wilt not *hear*
 Thy Gods Prescripts, nor *his Election* bear.
 Thou'rt *Nose-pent* : canst not *smell* the powder-plots
 Of thy grand foes, whose craft thee quite besots.
 Thy *taste* dis-relisheth the Cates of Heaven,
 Yet chew' th the Cud upon thy musty leaven :
 Thy *Passover* may not with that be tane :
 Take heed thy love of old, bring not new bane :
 Accept what *God* doth give ; never confound
 Thy self and thine, to run the world's wild round.
 Wilt not *God's will feel* ? *see* ? *hear* ? *smell* ? and *taste* ?
 Then do thine own ; But thou wilt rue't at last :
 Yet when thou hast proclaim'd thy self *God's foe* ,
 His will shall stand, whether thou wilt or no ,
 When thou mayst *feel* his Iron Rod strike home :
 See this thy Paradise, Desert become :
 Hear the loath'd noise of thy triumphing 'foes :
Smell thy dead corpses to annoy thy nose :
Taste (wanting what to taste through Famine thin)
 The bitter fruits of thy unquall'd sin.

Reverte : Te inverte, diverte & converte :
ut se vertat Deus ad te, & hac avertat à te :

Ne te evertat. _____

Amen, Amen.

Cura Malorum.

1.

England! why hanker'st (in times fatal nick,)
 On various projects, which dicotomize
 Thy vital parts? why! (though at heart death-sick)
 Wilt not accept of physick, or advise?
 Miss-dyct render will thy grief past cure:
 Fie, fie, forbear; doubtless thy doctor's skill
 Merits thy confidence; his physick's pure:
 Nought can obstruct its working, but thy will.
 Accept *Urania's* bountiful advise:
 Take for thy *Lot*, the *Lot*; be well: be wise.

2.

Curb then thy wayward will: smite self-proud sway;
 Let thy dissenting parties re-unite,
 In the most equal fortilegious way,
 Whereto both *God* and good men thee invite:
 A fairer path (freer from just exception)
 To cement jars, no Nation ere enjoy'd,
 Nor ever shall; it's worthy thy reception,
 Lest by refusal thou be soon destroy'd.
 Accept *Urania's* bountiful advise:
 Take for thy *Lot*, the *Lot*; be well: be wise.

3.

Rinse thy obstructing sins with early tears,
 Lest *Finer's* fire and *Fuller's* sope supply
 Late penitences place: prevent thy fears
 By turning to who calls thee, lest thou dy.

Beloved

(163)

Belov'd Nation ! 'tis thy dearest Lord
Summons thy will to homage, hailes thee in ;
Strike sayls : stoop in : submit unto his word,
And flie his vengeance threatned for thy sin.
Accept *Urania's* bountiful advise :
Take for thy *Lot*, the *Lot* ; be well : be wise.

One and All.

O *Ft'* calls made unjust judge late notice take,
Take thou *thy Lot*, lest thou *thy Lot* do take :

FINIS.

... the thy heart Lord
... to honour, but in
... : labour unto his word
... : grace increased for thy
... : spiritual life :
... the lot ; he will : be wife

Our end All

... just judge has notice take
... : let them : let the take :



FINIS.

$$1 \ C \frac{2}{2} \frac{1}{2} n \ 22A$$

$$1120$$

$$1120 \div 2$$

$$1122 \div 2 = 561$$

$$2 \cdot 6 \cdot 8$$

